

E. Howell Norwich

A
COLLECTION
OF DIVINE *K*
HYMNS and POEMS
UPON
Several Occasions :

By the

E. of Roscommon, } *Mr. Norris,*
John Dryden, Esq; } *Mrs. Kath. Phillips,*
Mr. Dennis, } *Mrs. Singer, & others.*

The **THIRD EDITION.**

To which is added,

- I. *Death's Vision : A Philosophical Sacred Poem. Writ at the Request of the late Mr. Locke. By Mr. Reynolds.*
- II. *God, the Creator and Preserver. By the Reverend Mr. Daniel. With several others not in the Former Editions.*

L O N D O N :

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By the
E. T. Johnson, Jr.
John D. Johnson, Jr.
M. Dennis



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 Sacred Form. With a Supplement of
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 Edition.

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TO SIR RICHARD BLACK-
MORE, *Knt. M. D. and*
Fellow of the College of Phy-
sicians in London.

IS not, Sir, with a Design
to Flatter you, which I
know you wou'd abhor,
nor to Publish your Worth,
which I know wou'd be
needless, that I make this Dedication to
you ; But because there's no fitter Person
in the World to Patronize a Collection of
this Nature.

Like a Zealous Friend to Religion,
and Passionate Lover of your Country,
you have express'd your just Concern for
the Fatal Consequences of Loose and
Profane Poetry, and with great Judgment
have made it appear how vainly we hope
for a Reformation of Manners, while

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the Abuses of the *English Stage* are left unreform'd.

You have also by your Writings retriev'd the Honour of Poetry, and rescu'd the Muses from that vile Drudgery they've of late Years been Condemn'd to, and convinc'd all unprejudic'd Readers, that the best Poetry, and Manly Sense, are very consistent; and that Wit never appears so Illustrious, as when she borrows her Themes from Virtue and Religion.

May you long Live as great a Glory to Christianity, as to your Noble Profession, and be as useful to Mens Souls as you are to their Bodies, is the Sincere Desire and Prayer of

Your Humble-Servant

and Admirer.



THE



THE PREFACE.



ANY one who considers the Nature of Man, must needs own that Poetry is very proper to work upon it: that it may be of Excellent Use unto him, and that it has in some respects the Advantage of Abstract Reasoning and Philosophy.

'Tis true, were we nothing but pure Intellect, were we stript of Flesh and Blood, and arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints above enjoy, then a bare abstraction of Thought, and orderly ranging of Ideas might serve the Turn. But while we continue such Beings as we are, while Blood, and Spirits, Imagination and Passion, make up a Part of our Nature, these must have their proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory: For what are these but a Sort of Wings to the Soul? She may Creep, but will hardly Soar without them.

Now the great Business of Poetry (as ev'ry one knows) is to paint agreeable Pictures on

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the Imagination, to actuate the Spirits, and give the Passions a Noble Pitch. All its daring Metaphors, surprising Turns, melting Accents, lofty Flights, and lively Descriptions, serve for this End: While we Read we feel a strange Warmth boiling within, the Blood dances through the Veins, Joy lightens in the Countenance, and we are insensibly led into a pleasing Captivity.

These are some of the genuine Effects of Poetry; so that without all question it may be of excellent Use to Mankind, may improve our Souls, and serve as a powerful Charm to deter us from Vice, and engage us on the side of Wisdom and Virtue.

But then for the same Reason it can't be deny'd that it may be equally Pernicious. Profane and Leud Poetry is one of the greatest Incentives to Wickedness in the World, like the Syren's Melody, while it Charms it Kills us. Vice is a deform'd and odious thing, and if expos'd Naked, wou'd have but few Admirers; it owes all its Luster to false Colours, and these it chiefly borrows from the Poets; 'tis they that smooth the Monster's Brow, and make her Smile, that conceal her Defects, and set her off to the greatest Advantage. How many, who wou'd have started at the open Face of Vice, have been entic'd into its Fatal Embraces by means of those bewitching Disguises.

The P R E F A C E.

Disguises that Poetry has bestow'd on it?

Who that has any Concern for Religion, or the Happiness of Mankind, can consider without Melancholy, what Store of profane and leud Poetry these late Times have produc'd, how much 'tis valued, and what great Mischief is done by it? What Numbers of Plays, and other Books of Poetry and Gallantry, are daily expos'd to Sale, which besides the Wit (pity so Excellent a Thing should be employ'd to such sorry Purposes) contain nothing but Fuel for Mens Corruptions? That burlesque Religion, despise its Author, and turn the most serious Things into fulsome Ridicule? Vice here rides Triumphant, has forgot to blush, and puts on that Air of Confidence which Truth and Virtue should only appear in: One would think these had resign'd up all their Authority to it, and acknowledg'd Vice to be the more Noble and Excellent Thing. The Heathens are at length conquer'd by us, Ancient Rome must give Place to London; and should the Poets and Comedians of those Days return again, they'd freely own themselves outmatch'd by Christians, and wonder at our Improvements in all the Arts of Wickedness. 'Tis strange, as well as deplorable, to see what Credit the Leudest Authors obtain among us: how fast their Infection spreads, and how fond Men are of the Instruments of their Ruine. These
are

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are the Famous Volumes that crowd the Press, and enrich the Printer and Bookseller! Books of a contrary Strain, tho' their Subjects are never so Noble, and they are Writ with a great deal of Sense and Wit, go off but dully, they want the most Charming Accomplishment, and don't agree (God forgive us) with the Taste of this refin'd Age! To such a Degree of Degeneracy are we grown; and these are the dismal Effects of Loose and Impious Authors! While War makes Havock abroad, the Stage ruins at home, and proves more Fatal to Mens Souls, than that to their Bodies; the Contagion spreads wide, our Guilt dries low, and, like a mighty Deluge, threatens to overwhelm us,

His hop'd however our Condition is not desperate. The Disease is deplorable, but may admit of a Cure. Virtue has still her Champions and Admirers, who are not asham'd of her despis'd Cause, nor dread to stem the Threatning Torrent. Some faint Dawnings of Reformation seem to appear, and things begin to recover a better Aspect than formerly. Mr. Collier (to whom the Age can never be sufficiently grateful) has given the Stage such a Blow, as in time I'm perswaded will Ruine or Reform it. The very Answers to his Writings do but add to his Triumphs, and lowly confess what feeble Arguments Vice is supported

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ted with. Truth and Virtue are unconquerable; tho' long Oppress'd and Smother'd, they'll at length break forth afresh, and shine in all their Native Lustre and Beauty. Happy! Shou'd our Days afford such a Prospect as this. Should it be told to Posterity, that these Times saw Vice Confounded, and Virtue sit Enthron'd on the Ruine of Impiety. Nor have we any Cause to despair of it, since we have a Queen, who is the Glory of Princes as well as of her Sex: A Queen, who not only severely reproveth Vice by her shining Example, but has often declar'd her high Indignation against it; and who has already, by her Prudent Commands, given an Effectual Check to some of the Disorders of the Theatre: Her Majesty, while she confounds her Enemies Abroad, by the Thunder of her Arms, by her Gentle and Pious Government scatters ample Blessings on her Subjects at Home.

Gives Glorious Morals to a Vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the
Stage,
Bids the Chaste Muse without a Blush
appear,
And Wit be that which Heaven and she
may hear.

[Prologue spoke at Court before the Queen
on her Majesty's Birth-Day, 1703-4.]

We

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We are blest'd also with several truly Great Men, both in Church and State. Great I mean, not so much on the Account of their Dignity as Deserts. Men who seem rais'd up on purpose for some Glorious Work! who are govern'd by Generous Principles, and shew how great Moderation in ev'ry thing, unless in opposing Vice, Bigottry, and Persecution. So that considering these things, may not we one Day hope to see a Glorious Reformation? Q

One great Obstacle that lyes still in the Way is, That there are so many Men of Extraordinary Sense and Wit engag'd in the Cause of Irreligion. Wou'd these but once desert the Sorry Cause they have espous'd, and come over to the Side of Virtue, wou'd they shew but half that Zeal in advancing Religion, they have unhappily done in discharging it, the desired Work wou'd go on Gloriously; for certainly they who can set off Vice with Advantage, and give Sin itself an agreeable Prospect, might far more easily recommend Virtue; might with far less Pains reform the World, than they now do to ruin it.

Virtue is in itself Excellent and Rewarding, and wou'd but a little more be so to make it Victorious. Wou'd but our great Genius's then employ their Pens in its Service, and by a good Life, witness their Sincerity, what a Happy

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Happy Change should we soon see! How wou'd they attract the Attention of Mankind? What Force or Art wou'd be able to withstand such skilful Advocates when employ'd in so good a Cause? How fast wou'd Vice lose Ground, and Blush at her own Deformity? How wou'd the soft and moving Strains of Poetry tame the Savage, inspire the Stupid, melt the Cruel, quench the Flames of Lust, and blow up the pure Flames of Devotion! These wou'd be the certain Effects of Divine and Virtuous Poetry. May the Wits of the Nation at length make the Experiment, and so bless the World and themselves together.

Thus now I have deliver'd my Mind with some Warmth and Freedom, but the Importance of the Thing I presume will sufficiently excuse me; not that I expect to escape uncensur'd, 'tis were to betray my Ignorance of the Age we live in; But 'tis better I think to suffer Man's Judgment than God's, better be censur'd for defending Religion, than for being a Traitor to its Cause. This is what however pleases me. My severest Censurers (unless more hardened Sinners than Rochester himself) will when Death approaches them alter their Opinion, and wish, with me, they had been faithful to God, and to their Consciences; they'll give a World then to live over those
precious

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precious Minutes again, which are now spent perhaps in the wildest Extravagancies. Yet the will then appear to them in all its Charms, and Vice in all its Deformity; and they'll be at length sadly convinced, that such are the only Wise and Happy Men, who fear God, and live in the Flairs of Glory and Immortality.

It remains now that a Word or Two be said concerning the Collection the World is here presented with; 'tis partly borrow'd from Authors; and partly New. The Authors are Men of unquestionable Reputation in their Art; the Poems are dispers'd thro' several Volumes, and most of them are of a quite different Nature, so that though Printed already, they can't come into but very few Hands; and will be altogether New to most People. Our Poets have so little employ'd their Talents on Divine Subjects, that their numerous Volumes afford us Poems enough of that Nature to furnish out one Obedience; and for this Reason we have added several New Copies, which make up about half the Book. 'Tis hop'd these will be no Disgrace to the rest. May the whole be attended with Gods Blessing, and help to revive languishing Piety among us.

DIVINE



DIVINE HYMNS AND POEMS.

HYMN I.

I.



THE Glorious Armies of the Sky
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant Anthems consecrate
And Hallelujahs sing.

II.

But still their most exalted Flights
Fall vastly short of thee;
How distant then must human Praise
From thy Perfections be!

B

III. Ye:

III.

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd Sense
Each Creature in their various Ways
Display thy Excellence?

IV.

The active Lights that shine above,
In their eternal Dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's Praise
With silent Elegance.

V.

The Blushes of the Morn confess
That thou art much more fair,
When in the East its Beams revieve
To gild the Fields of Air.

VI.

The fragrant, the refreshing-Breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry Bloom,
In balmy Whispers own from thee
Their pleasing Odours come.

VII.

Singing

The single Birds, the warbling Winds,
And Waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With diff'rent Voices call.

VIII. Thy

VIII.

Thy numerous Works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.



HYMN II.

I.

Begin the high celestial Strain,
My ravish'd Soul, and sing
A solemn Hymn of grateful Praise
To Heaven's Almighty King.

II.

Ye curling Fountains, as you rowl
Your silver Waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant Shores
The Subject of my Song.

III.

Retain it long, you ecchoing Rocks,
The sacred Sound retain,
And from your hollow winding Caves
Return it oft again.

B 2

IV. Bear

IV.

Bear it ye Winds on all your Wings
 To distant Climes away,
 And round the wide-extended World
 My lofty Theme convey.

V.

Take the glad Burden of his Name,
 Ye Clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden Morn,
 Or shade the Evening Skies.

VI.

Let harmless Thunders rowl along
 The smooth etherial Plain,
 And answer from the chrystal Vault
 To ev'ry flying Strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the Spheres,
 And eccho thro' the Sky,
 Till Angels with immortal Skill
 Improve the Harmony.

VIII.

While I with sacred Rapture fir'd
 The blest Creator sing,
 And warble consecrated Lays
 To Heav'n's Almighty King.



HYMN III.

I.

THou didst, O mighty God, exist
E'er Time begun its Race,
Before the ample Elements
Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly Globe
In fluid Air was staid,
Before the Ocean's mighty Springs
Their liquid Stores display'd.

III.

E'er thro' the Gloom of ancient Night
The Streaks of Light appear'd,
Before the high celestial Arch,
Or starry Poles were rear'd.

IV.

Before the loud melodious Spheres
Their tuneful Round begun,
Before the shining Roads of Heav'n
Were measur'd by the Sun.

V.

E'er thro' the Empirean Courts
 One Hallehujah rung,
 Or to their Harps the Sons of Light
 Extatick Anthems fung.

VI.

E'er Men ador'd, or Angels knew,
 Or prais'd thy wondrous Name,
 Thy Blifs (O sacred Spring of Life) ♪
 And Glory was the fame.

VII.

And when the Pillars of the World
 With sudden Ruine break,
 And all this vast and goodly Frame
 Sinks in the mighty Wreck;

VIII.

When from her Orb the Moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd Sun rowl back,
 While all the trembling starry Lamps
 Their ancient Course forsake;

IX.

For ever Permanent and Fix'd,
 From Agitation free,
 Unchang'd, in everlasting Years
 Shall thy Existence be.

HYMN IV.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
But not for golden Stores;
Nor covet I the brightest Gems
On the rich Eastern Shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty Joy
Men call a mighty Name,
Nor Greatness in its gayest Pride
My restless Thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor Pleasure's soft enticing Charms
My fond Desires allure;
For greater things than these from thee
My Wishes wou'd secure.

IV.

Those blissful, those transporting Smiles
That brighten Heav'n above,
The boundless Riches of thy Grace,
And Treasures of thy Love.

V.

These are the mighty things I crave,
O make these Blessings mine,
And I the Glories of the World
Contentedly resign.



HYMN V.

I.

IN vain the dusky Night retires,
And sullen Shadows fly:
In vain the Morn with purple Light
Adorns the Eastern Sky.

II.

In vain the gawdy rising Sun
The wide Horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver Streams,
And cheers the dewy Fields.

III.

In vain dispensing vernal Sweets
The Morning Breezes Play;
In vain the Birds with chearful Songs
Salute the new-born Day;

IV. In

IV.

In vain, unless my Saviour's Face
These gloomy Clouds controul,
And dissipate the fullen Shades
That press my drooping Soul.

V.

Oh! visit then thy Servant, Lord,
With Favour from on high,
Arise, my bright, immortal Sun,
And all these Shades will die.

VI.

When, when, shall I behold thy Face
All radiant and serene,
Without these envious dusky Clouds
That make a Veil between?

VII.

When shall that long expected Day
Of sacred Vision be,
When my impatient Soul shall make
A near Approach to thee.



A PARAPHRASE on John iii. 16.

By a Young Lady.

*For God so loved the World, that he gave
his only Begotten Son, &c.*

I.

YES, so God lov'd the World; but where
Are this great Love's Dimensions?

Ev'n Angels stop, for baffled here

Are their vast Apprehensions.

In vain they strive to grasp the boundless Thing;

Not all their Comments can explain the mighty

Truth I sing.

H.

Yet still they pause on the Contents

Of this amazing Story;

How he that fill'd the wide Extents

Of uncreated Glory:

He whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns cou'd not
contain,

Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maid's contracted

Womb remain.

III. They

III.

They see him born, and hear him weep,
To aggravate their Wonder,
Whose awful Voice had shook the Deep,
And breath'd his Will in Thunder:
That awful Voice chang'd to an Infant's Cry,
Whilst in a feeble Woman's Arms he seems
constrain'd to lye.

IV.

A God (Ah! where are are human Boasts?)
Extended in a Manger!
The Lord of all the heav'nly Hosts
Expos'd to Scorn and Danger!
The Only Blest, the All-sufficient weeps,
But oh! who guides the stagg'ring World while
its Protector sleeps?

V.

And canst thou Man ungrateful prove?
When 'twas for thy Salvation
He left those splendid Seats above,
His late bright Habitation,
Where all his Deity shone without th' Alloy
Of a seraphick Vehicle, or dedicated Clay.

VI.

Where he transcendently possess'd
The Fulness of Perfection,

Tho' here benighted and opprest,
The Type of all Dejection.
He asks for Food that gave the Ravens Bread,
And the great Founder of the World wants
where to lay his Head.

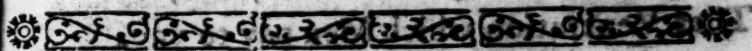
VII.
But oh! what dark Catastrophe
Does Hell at last conspire!
Behold upon the cursed Tree
The Lord of Life expire:
From this amaz'd the Sun withdraws his Eye,
Afraid to see his Maker bleed, and the Eternal
die.

VIII.
The Seraphim that throng'd about
'Twixt Hope and Consternation,
Now blaze the wond'rous News about
The radiant Corporation;
Who vainly strive the Mystery to scan,
And fathom the stupendious Depth of this great
Love to Man.

IX.
He on the Rights of Justice stood
With their exalted Nature,
That now thro' Streams of sacred Blood
Wafts the terrestrial Creature,

Wafts.

Wafts dusty Man to that Felicity
Which the Apostate Sons of Light must never
hope to see.



A PARAPHRASE on the 148th Psalm.

By the Earl of Roscommon.

Written at Twelve Years of Age.

O Azure Vaults! O Crystal Sky!
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on Things
below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer wheresoe'er you are,
Let ecchoing Anthems make his Praises known
On Earth his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of all, whose glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day,
O praise his Name, without whose purer Light
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyss of Night.

Ye

Ye Moon and Planets, who dispense
 By God's Command your Influence,
 Resign to him, as your Creator, due,
 That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Fairest as well as first of Things,
 From whom all Joy, all Beauty springs,
 O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
 Who useth thee for his Imperial Robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
 Whose Sacred Stamp all Nature bears,
 Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
 And whose Command is th' universal Law.

Ye watry Mountains of the Sky,
 And you so far above our Eye,
 Vast ever-moving Orbs exalt his Name,
 Who gave its Being to your glorious Frame.

Ye Dragons, whose contagious Breath
 Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
 Change your fierce Hissing into joyful Song,
 And praise your Maker with your forked
 Tongue.

Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep,
 That in the Sea's vast Bosom Sleep,

At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, tremble and adore.

Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who thro' the Concave blow,
Swift Executers of his holy Word,
Whirlwinds and Tempests, praise th' Almighty
Lord.

Mountains who to your Maker's View
Seem less than Mole-hills do to you.
Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,
All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praise him sweet Off-spring of the Ground
With Heav'nly Nectar yearly crown'd,
And ye tall Cedars celebrate his Praise,
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only Care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling
Throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.

Praise him each salvage, furious Beast,
That on his Stores do daily feast,
And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majestick

Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
 Whose Pow'r hath here no Periods,
 May all Attempts against your Crown be vain,
 But still remember by whose Pow'r you reign.

Let the wide World his Praises sing,
 Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,
 And from the *Danube's* frosty Banks to those
 Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus*
 flows.

You that dispose of all our Lives,
 Praise him from whom your Pow'r derives;
 Be true and just like him, and fear his Word,
 As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him old Monuments of Time :
 O praise him in your youthful Prime.
 Praise him fair Idols of our greedy Sense,
 Exalt his Name sweet Age of Innocence.

Jehovah's Name shall only last,
 When Heaven, Earth, and all is past;
 Nothing, Great God, is to be found in thee
 But unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt O *Jacob's* sacred Race,
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace,
 Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,
 And with his Glory recompense your Praise.



TE DEUM

PARAPHRASED

By Mr. DENNIS.

I.

A Long Adieu to mortal Lays,
Our Voice t'immortal Heights we raise,
And sing the great Creator's Praise;
Thy Praise, O God, thy boundless Praise
In more than human Sounds we sing,
O for an Angel's tow'ring Wing!
O! Rather for thy Spirit to sustain
Each matchless Strain,
That it may reach Eternal Heights,
And in its lofty, daring Flights,
The Heaven of Heavens may scale,
Raise all your Voices, strike your Strings,
'Tis God, 'tis God we sing;
Sound all and cry with one accord,
Hail thou Supream of Things!
The World's great Author Hail!
Hail Infinite Eternal King,
The God above all Heights ador'd!

The

We all confess, and all obey,
 Prostrate, and low, and trembling, all
 Before thy dreadful Majesty we fall,
 Acknowledging thy boundless Sway.

II.

Such Homage to their Eastern Kings
 The *Indian* and the *Persian* brings:
 But Eastern Kings [alas] to thee
 Vain Fantoms are of Royalty,
 That with a false, delusive, Pow'r
 Appear and vanish in an Hour.
 For thee what Homage shall we find?
 Infinite, Independant, Mind.
 What Homage worthy of the God
 That can unmake us with a Nod?
 Look from thy awful Throne on High,
 And with thy Omnipresent Eye
 Into our Souls Receffes pry:
 There see a Homage worthy thee,
 Worthy Eternal Majesty,
 See profound Humility;
 See Souls entirely mortify'd,
 Down senseless Vanity and Pride;
 Vile as thou art vain Man appear,
 Behold Omnipotence is here.
 When he who only is, when he
 Appears, what Worms, what Mites, are we!
 Nay, we are not, we only seem,
 We're scarce a Shadow, scarce a Dream,

A senseless Dream of what is not,
That passes and is strait forgot.
Thou only art, for what thou art
Thou always wilt be, always wert;
For thou art Permanent and Fix'd,
Uncreated, and Unmix'd;
The radiant Heavens, and rowling Earth,
Owe to thee their wondrous Birth;
Thou of Ten Thousand Worlds art Lord,
And art by every World ador'd;
They all confess thy Pow'r Divine,
For thee they move, for thee they shine,
And every World's for ever thine. }

III.

And this great Planet Earth, which rowls
Incessantly around its Poles,
And till the End of Time must run
Its Giant Race about the Sun;
And moving round the Lamp of Day,
O'ertake the Seasons in its way,
While slanting in its oblique Flight,
It shortens or prolongs the Night;
Thee Motion's Fountain, and its Source;
It worships in its endless Course;
Thee while it turns about the Sphere,
Accomplishing the mighty Year,
Its great Creator thee it serves,
And thy eternal Laws observes.

Crea-

Creatures to whom great Mother Earth,
 Fermented by thy Flame, gave Birth;
 All that on *Lybian* Mountains Roar,
 Or Flounder on the *Indian* Shore;
 All that in airy Caravans on high,
 Intelligent of Seasons fly,
 Thro' the vast Desarts of th' Aerial Sky,
 All to their Maker Adoration pay,
 All constantly thy several Laws obey,
 Which their distinguish'd Tribes and diffe-
 rent Nations sway.
 Their Seasons pre-ordain'd by thee they
 know,
 At thy Command they come, at thy Com-
 mand they go.

IV.

None but irregular Man thy rightful Sway,
 Impious irregular Man dares disobey;
 Yet impious Man too thee adores,
 Thee from *Cathaian* to *Peruvian* Shores,
 With nameless Rights, unnumber'd Tongues,
 He every Hour implores.
 Before thy Feet Earth's numerous King-
 doms all,
 Before thy Feet a Thousand Monarchs fall,
 And thee their everlasting Father call.
 And thus they cry, thy potent Breath,
 Our great Forefather call'd from more than
 Death.

When

When thou saidst let him be, the Sound
 Drew him wond'ring from the Ground ;
 Before thee low the World's great Rulers
 bow ;
 Thou art our God, our mighty Maker thou,
 Thou Form'dst us at the first, and thou
 sustain'st us now.

V.
 Now let us Earth and Earthly things disdain,
 Now let us try a loftier Strain,
 Now let our Souls to Heaven repair,
 Direct their most aspiring Flight,
 To Fields of uncreated Light,
 And dare to draw Empyreal Air.
 'Tis done, Oh, Place divinely bright !
 Oh, Sons of God divinely Fair !
 Oh Sight ! Unutterable Sight !
 Oh, unconceivable Delight !
 Oh Joy, which only Gods can bear !
 Hark how their blissful Notes they raise,
 And sing th' Eternal Maker's Praise ;
 How in extatick Song they Cry,

Lo we the glorious Sons of Light,
 So Great, so Beautiful, so Bright !
 Lo we the brightest of Created things,
 Who are all Flame, all Force, all Spirit,
 and all Eye,
 are yet but vile, and nothing in thy Sight.
 before thy Feet, O mighty King of Kings !

O Maker of this boundless All !
 Thus lowly Reverent we fall !
 Thou know'st how many of us fell,
 To lowest Shame and lowest Hell ;
 But thou art Holy, thou, O Lord,
 Art only fit to be Implor'd,
 Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd !
 And thus they pass Eternity,
 To thee all Angels in the Sky,
 And all Archangels loudly Cry,
 The mighty Cherubim,
 Answer the flaming Seraphim,
 Holy, continually they Cry !
 O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
 Of Sacred Sabbath God Ador'd.
 From them Dominions catch the blissful Song,
 And Thrones the glorious Fugue prolong!
 Holy continually they Cry,
 Th' Harmonious Thunder rolls along the Skies,
 And to the Golden Orbs it flies.
 The vast Intelligences all on Fire,
 With flaming Zeal compleat th' immortal
 Quire ;
 To sing the great Creator all conspire ;
 All Ranks divinely touch the living Lyre :
 O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,
 Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd !
 Holy th' imperial Spirits cry,
 Holy the Regents of the Orbs reply.

To the great Strain they tune their Spheres,
And ravish even immortal Ears :

And all th' harmonious Worlds on high
Accompany the Song Divine,
And in th' eternal Chorus join.

VI.

Thus thee they always worship, all
Thee God of Sacred Sabbath call.
For thou hast been of holy Rest,
From vast Eternity posselt.

When all in yon created Mass
Does but appear, and move, and pass ;
All moves, all fluctuates, without End,
But Spirits that on thine depend.

Yon glorious Worlds, that floating lye,
In the profound Abyfs of Sky,
In Matter's stormy Gulph are tost,
Till in a flaming Wreck they're lost.

We that so far with Angels Ken can Trace
Thy Godlike Works along the boundless Space,
See Nought from endless Agitation free,
But thee, the Great, th' Eternal Mover, thee.

Even we are mov'd, even we are tost
In blisful Rapture almost lost,

Even we sometimes almost complain,
Of Transports that are near to Pain,
Which without thee we never could sustain.

Thou mov'st us all, yet ever blest,
Alone enjoy'st perpetual Rest :

Thy

Thy great All-seeing Eyes ne'er Sleep;
 And yet for everlasting Days
 They Sabbath, Sacred Sabbath, keep;
 The wondrous Subject of our Praise.
 But who, tho' mounted on an Angel's Wing,
 Can ever hope to raise his Flight
 To such a tow'ring, such a Godlike Height,
 As thee with equal Song to sing?
 Thee over all the Worlds Supream,
 Who must not flag beneath th' Almighty
 Theme.

Where-e'er at utmost Stretch we cast our Eyes,
 Thro' the vast frightful Spaces of the Skies,
 Even there we find thy Glory, there we gaze.
 On thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze:
 Ten Thousand Suns, prodigious Globes of
 Light.

At once in broad Dimensions strike our Sight.
 Millions behind, in the remoter Skies
 Appear but Spangles to our wearied Eyes:
 And when our weary'd Eyes want farther
 Strength,

To pierce the Void's immeasurable Length,
 Our vigorous tow'ring Thoughts still further
 fly,

And still remoter flaming Worlds descry:
 But even an Angel's comprehensive Thought
 Cannot extend so far as thou hast wrought;
 Our vast Conceptions are by Swelling brought,
 Swallow'd and lost in Infinite to Nought.



HYMN *on the Sacrament.*

By an unknown Hand.

I.

AND art thou mine, my dearest Lord ?
Then I have all, nor fly
The boldest Wishes I can form
Unto a Pitch more high.

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the Contract's seal'd
With thy own precious Blood ;
And e'en Almighty Power's engag'd
To see it all made good.

III.

My Fears dissolve : For O what more
Cou'd studious Bounty do ?
What farther mighty Proofs are left
Unbounded Love to shew ?

IV.

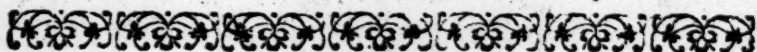
My Faith's confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
My Title to thy Love
For all the valu'd things below,
Or shining things above.

C

V. Nor

V.

Nor at the prosp'rous Sinner's State
Do I at all repine ;
No, let 'em parcel out the Earth,
While Heav'n and thou art mine.



*A PASTORAL on the Nativity of
our Saviour, in Imitation of an
Italian Pastoral.*

By Mrs. SINGER.

Menalcas.

SOME mighty things these awful Signs portend!
Amaz'd, we see new Stars the Skies ascend ;
A thousand strange usurping Lights appear,
And dart their sudden Glories thro' the Air ;
A dazz'ling Day without the Sun returns,
And thro' the Midnight's dusky Horror burns.

Palemon.

And in the Depth of Winter Spring appears,
For lo! the Ground a sudden Verdure wears ;
The op'ning Flow'rs display their gaudi'st Dye,
And seem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

Ura-

Uranio.

Nor without Myſt'ry are theſe Joys that rowl
In Torrents thro' my now prophetick Soul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd Breaſt,
That more than all the Tribes the Race of
Judah's bleſt.

Menalcas.

But ſee the Eaſtern Skies diſcloſe a Light
Beyond the Noontide's flaming Glories bright,
This Way its Courſe the ſacred Viſion bends,
And with much State and ſolemn Pomp deſcends.
Sonorous Voices eccho from afar,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling Air:
The circling Spheres the charming Sound
prolong,
And answer all the Cadence of their Song:
And now the ſacred Harmony draws near,
And now a Thouſand heav'nly Forms appear.

Angels.

Immortal Glory give to God on High,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky;
Let Joy on Earth, and endleſs Peace enſue,
The Great Meſſiah's born, thrice happy Men
to you.

Uranio.

The Great Messiah born ! Transporting Sound !
To the wide World spread the blest Accents
round.

What Joy these long-expected Tidings bring !
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

Angels.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lyes
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the
Skies ;

The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow,
Descends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

Menalcas.

—— Surprizing Pow'r of Love !
Ev'n God himself thy mighty Force does
prove ;
Thou rul'st the World below, and govern'st
all above !

Palemon.

You shining Messengers be farther kind,
And tell us where the wondrous Child to find.

Angels.

Your glad Conducters to the Place we'll be
Eager as you this mystick Thing to see.

Ura-

Uranio.

Some Present to the Infant King let's bear,
For Zeal shou'd always liberal appear.

Angels.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor bode,
Where in a Manger lives th' Incarnate God,
Reduc'd to lodge among the sordid Beast,
Who all the spacious Realms of Light possess'd;
And he whose humble Ministers we were,
Becomes a tender Virgin's helpless Care.
Thro' Heav'n but now the hasty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they
fung.

Palemon.

But to what happy Maid of human Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace?

Angels.

Ye ecchoing Skies repeat *Maria's* Name,
Maria thro' the starry Worlds proclaim.
In her bright Face celestial Graces shine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treasures all divine,
From *David's* Royal House descends her noble
Line.

But see the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin with the Infant God.

Menalcas.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus prostrate I adore,
 And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
 Untill'd the Earth shall now vast Harvests yield,
 And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
 Clear Rivers in the Desarts shall be seen,
 And barren Wastes cloath'd in eternal Green.
 Instead of Thorns the stately Firr shall rise,
 And wave his lofty Head amidst the Skies;
 Where Thistles once, shall fragrant Myrtles
 grow,
 The beauteous Rose on ev'ry Bush shall glow,
 And from the purple Grape rich Wines un-
 press'd shall flow.

Palemon.

Great Star of *Jacob*, that so bright dost rise,
 Turn, lovely Infant, thy auspicious Eyes:
 This soft and spotless Wooll to thee I bring,
 My earliest Tribute to the new-born King.
 With thee each sacred Virtue takes its Birth,
 And Peace and Justice now shall rule the Earth.
 Thou shalt the Bliss of Paradise restore,
 And Wars and Tumults shall be heard no more.
 The Wolf and Lamb shall now together feed,
 And with the Ox the Lions savage breed.
 The Child shall with the harmless Serpent play,
 And lead unhurt the gentle Beast away.

And.

And where the Sun ascends the shining East,
And where he ends his Journey in the West,
Thy glorious Name shall be ador'd and blest.

Uranio.

The Hope of *Israel* Hail—with humble Zeal
To thee unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel :
All hail to thee, of whom the Prophets old
Such mighty things to our Forefathers told.
Thy Kingdom shall from Sea to Sea extend,
And reach the spacious World's remotest End.
The spicy Isle, and *Saba's* wealthy King,
To thee from far shall costly Presents bring.
Thy stedfast Throne shall stand for ever fast,
And thy Dominion Time it self outlast.

This gentle Lamb, the best my Flocks afford,
I bring an Off'ring to all Nature's Lord.

Angels.

And we the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
Before Mankind's illustrious Saviour bow,
Astonish'd, in an Infant's Form we see,
Disguis'd th' ineffable Divinity,
Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light
O'ercame the potent Seraphims in Fight.
Thus humbled—O unbounded Force of Love !
subdu'd by that from all the Joys above,
Thou cam'st the wretched Life of Man to prove
And thus our ruin'd Numbers will supply,
And fill the Desolations of the Sky.



M E S S I A H:

*A Sacred ECLOGUE, composed of
several Passages of Isaiah the Pro-
phet.*

Written in Imitation of Virgil's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of *Solyma*! Begin the Song:
To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains
belong.

The Mossie Fountains and the Silvan Shades,
The Dreams of *Pindus*, and th' *Aonian* Maids
Delight no more——O thou my Voice inspire
Who touch'd *Isaiah's* hallow'd Lips with Fire?
Rapt into future Times the Bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son.
From *Jesse's* Root behold a Branch arise
Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the
Skies.

Th' *Ethereal* Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move,
And on its Top descends the *Mystick* Dove.
Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour,
And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r:

The

The sick, the weak, the healing Plant shall aid,
From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade.
All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall
fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale;
Peace o'er the World her Olive Wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the Years, and rise th' expected Morn;
O spring to Light! Auspicious Babe be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest Wreaths to bring,
With all the Incense of the breathing Spring:
See lofty *Lebanon* his Head advance;
See nodding Forrests on the Mountains dance:
See spicy Clouds from lovely *Saron* rise,
And *Carmel's* flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies!
Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Desert cheers;
Prepare the Way! a God, a God appears;
A God, a God, the vocal Hills reply,
The Rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies!
Sink down ye Mountains, and ye Valleys rise:
With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars Homage pay;
Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient Bards foretold;
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray,
And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day.
'Tis he th' obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear,
And bid new Musick charm th' infolding Ear.

34 *Divine H Y M N S and P O E M S.*

The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch
forgo ;

And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.
No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall
hear,

From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear.
In Adamantine Chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal
Wound.

As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care,
Seeks freshest Pasture and the purest Air,
Explores the lost, the wandring Sheep directs,
By Day oversees them, and by Night protects ;
The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,
Feeds from his Hand ; and in his Bosom
warms.

Thus shall Mankind his guardian Care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future Age.
No more shall Nation against Nation rise,
Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more ;
But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,
And the broad Faulchion in a Plow-shear end.
Then Palaces shall rise ; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun ;
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,
And the same Hand that sow'd shall reap the
Field

The

The Swains in barren Desarts with surprize,
See Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise,
And start amidst the thirsty Wilds to hear
New Falls of Water mum'ring in his Ear :
On rifted Rocks, the Dragons late Abodes,
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods.
Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex with
Thorn,
The spiry Firr, and shapely Box adorn ;
To leafless Shrubs the flow'ring Palms succeed,
And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed.
The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant
Mead,
And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead ;
The Steer and Lyon at one Crib shall meet,
And harmless Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet.
The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take
The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake :
Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scales survey,
And with their forky Tongue and pointless
Sting shall play ;
Rise, crown'd with Light, imperial *Salem* rise,
Exalt thy tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes !
See a long Race thy spacious Courts adorn !
See future Sons and Daughters yet unborn,
In crouding Ranks on every side arise,
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies !
See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend !

36 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate
Kings,

And heap'd with Products of *Sabeen* Springs ?
For thee *Idume's* spicy Forests blow,

And Seed of Gold in *Ophir's* Mountains glow.

See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display,

And break upon thee in Flood of Day !

No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn,

Nor Ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her Silver Horn ;

But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays,

One Tide of Glory, one unclouded Blaze

O'erflow thy Courts : The Light himself shall
shine

Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine ?

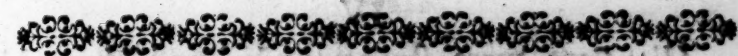
The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke de-
cay,

Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away ;

But fix'd his Word, his saving Pow'r remains,

Thy Realm for ever lasts, thy own *Messiah*
reigns.





A PARAPHRASE on Rev. Chap. i.
from v. 13. to v. 18.

By a Young Lady.

I.

WHO cou'd and yet outlive th' amazing
Sight!
O who could stand the Stress of so much Light!
Amidst the golden Lamps the Vision stood,
Form'd like a Man, with all the Awe and Lustre
of a God.

II.

A kingly Vesture cloath'd him to the Ground,
And radiant Gold his sacred Breasts surround,
But all too thin the Deity to shroud;
For Heav'nly Rays expressly shone thro' the
unable Cloud.

III.

His Head, his awful Head, was grac'd with
Hair
As soft as Snow, as melted Silver fair;
And from his Eyes such active Glories flow,
The conscious Seraphs well might veil their
dimmer Faces too.

IV. His

IV.

His Feet were strong, and dreadful as his
 Port,
 Worthy the godlike Form they did support:
 His Voice resembled the Majestick Fall
 Of mighty Waves: 'Twas Awful, Great, Di-
 vine, and Solemn, all.

V.

His pow'rful Hand a Starry Scepter held,
 His Mouth a threatning two-edg'd Sword did
 wield,
 His Face so wondrous, so divinely fair,
 As all the glorious Lights above had been con-
 tracted there.

VI.

And now my fainting Spirits strove in vain
 The uncorrected Splendor to sustain:
 Unable longer such bright Rays to meet,
 I dy'd beneath the pond'rous Load at the great
 Vision's Feet.

VII.

But he that doth the Springs of Life contain
 Breath'd back my Soul, and bid me live again;
 And thus began—but Oh with such an Air
 As nothing but a Pow'r Divine had made me
 live to hear.

VIII. From

VIII.

" From an unviewable Eternity
" I was, I am, and must for ever be :
" Once dead, but now an endless Life I gain,
" And over Death and Hell triumphant
" reign.



A PINDARICK ODE
ON THE
Passion of our SAVIOUR.

By Mr. NORRIS.

I.

SAY bold, licentious, Muse,
What noble Subject wilt thou chuse ?
Of what great Hero, of what mighty Thing,
Wilt thou in boundless Numbers sing ?
Sing th' unfathom'd Depths of Love ;
For who the Wonders done by Love can tell,
By Love, which is it self all Miracle ?
Here in vast endless Circles may'st thou rove,
And like the trav'ling Planet of the Day,
In an Orb unbounded Stray :

Sing

Sing the great Miracle of Love Divine,
Great be thy Genius, sparkling ev'ry Line;
Love's greatest Mysteries rehearse,
Greater than that

Which on the teeming Chaos brooding sat,
And hatch'd with kindly Heat the Universe.
How God in Mercy chose to die,
To rescue Man from Misery;
Man, not his Creature only, but his Enemy.

II.

Lo in *Gethsemane* I seem him prostrate lye,
Press'd with the Weight of his great Agony;
The common Sluices of his Eyes,
To vent his mighty Passion won't suffice;
His tortur'd Body weeps all o'er,
And out of every Pore
Buds forth a precious Gemm of purple Gore
How strange the Power of Affliction's Rod,
When in the Hand of an incensed God!
Like the commanding Wand,
In *Moses* Hand,
It works a Miracle, and turns the Flood
Of Tears into a Sea of Blood.
See with what Pomp Sorrow does now appear,
How proud she is of being seated here;
She never wore
So Rich a Dye before.
Long was he willing to decline
Th' Encounter of the Wrath Divine;
Thrice

Thrice he sent for his Release,
Pathetick Embassies of Peace;
At length his Courage overcame his Doubt,
Resolv'd he was, and so the bloody Flag hung
out.

III.

And now the Tragick Scene's display'd,
Where drawn in full Battalia are laid
Before his Eyes
That numerous Host of Miseries
He must withstand, that Map of Woe
Which he must undergo.

That heavy Wine-press must by him be trod,
The whole Artillery of God.

He saw that Face whose very Sight
Cheers Angels with its beatifick Light,
Contracted now into a dreadful Frown,
All cloath'd with Thunder, big with Death,
And Showers of hot burning Wrath,
Which shortly must be poured down:

He saw a black and dismal Scroul
Of Sins past, present, and to come,
With their intolerable Doom,

Which would the more oppress his spotless
Soul,

As th' Elements are weighty prov'd,
When from their native Station they're re-
mov'd.

He

42 *Divine* H Y M N S and P O E M S

He saw the foul Ingratitude of those
Who would the Labours of his Love oppose,
And reap no Benefit by all his Agonies.
He saw all this,
And as he saw, to waver he began,
And almost to repent of his great Love to Man.

IV.

When lo! a Heav'nly Form, all bright and
fair,
Swifter than Thought shot thro' th' enlightn'd
Air;
He who sits next th' Imperial Throne,
And reads the Counsels of the great Three-
One,
Who in Eternity's mysterious Glass,
Saw both what is, what was, and what must
come to pass;
He came with Reverence profound,
And rais'd his prostrate Maker from the Ground,
Wip'd off the bloody Sweat,
With which his Face and Garments too were
wet,
And comforted his dark benighted Mind
With sov'reign Cordials of Light refin'd.
This done, with soft Addresses he began
To fortify his kind Designs for Man,
Unseal'd to him the Book of God's Decree,
And shew'd him what must be :

Alledg'd

Alledg'd the Truth of Prophecies,
Of Figures, Types and Mysteries:
How needful 'twas thus to supply
With human Race the Ruins of the Sky:
How this would new Accession bring
To the Celestial Quire,
And how withal it would inspire
New Matter for the Praise of the great King:
How he should see the Travail of his Soul,
and bless

Those Sufferings which had so good Success:
How great the Triumph of his Victory:

How glorious his Ascent would be:
What weighty Bliss in Heav'n he shou'd obtain
By a few Hours of Pain,
Where to eternal Ages he should reign.
He spake—confirm'd in Mind the Champion
stood,

A Sp'rit Divine

Thro' the thick Veil of Flesh did shine;
All over Powerful he was, all over Good.
Pleas'd with his successful Flight,
Th' officious Angel posts away
To the bright Regions of eternal Day,
Departing in a Tract of Light:
In haste for News the heavenly People ran,
And joy'd to hear the hopeful State of Man.

V. And:

V.

And now that strange prodigious Hour,
When God must Subject be to human Pow'r,
That Hour is come :

Th' unerring Clock of Fate has struck,
'Twas heard below down to Hell's lowest
Room,
And strait th' infernal Pow'rs th' appointed
Signal took.

Open the Scene, my Muse, and see
Wonders of Impudence and Villany :
How wicked mercenary Hands

Dare to Invade him whom they should Adore ;
With Swords and Staves encompass'd round he
stands,

Who knew no other Guards than those of Hea-
ven before.

Once with his powerful Breath he did repel
The rude Assaults of Hell ;
A Ray of his Divinity

Shot forth with that bold Answer, I am he.
They reel and stagger, and fall to the Ground,
For God was in the Sound.

The Voice of God was once again
Walking in the Garden heard,
And once again was by the guilty Hearers
fear'd,

Trembling seised ev'ry Joint, and Chilnefs
ev'ry Vein.

This

This little Victory he won,
Shew'd what he could have done.
But he to whom as Chief was giv'n,
The whole Militia of Heav'n;
That mighty He
Declines all Guards for his Defence,
But that of his inseparable Innocence,
And quietly gives up his Liberty.
He's seiz'd on by the military Bands,
With Cords they bind his Sacred Hands;
But Ah how weak! What Nothings would they
prove!
Were he not held by stronger ones of Love?

VI.

Once more my wearied Muse thy Pinions try,
And reach the top of *Calvary*.
A steep Ascent! But most to him who bore
The Burthen of a Cross this Way before.
(The Cross ascends, there's something in it sure
That Moral is and Mystical;
No Heights of Fortune are from thee secure,
Afflictions sometimes climb as well as fall.)
Here breathe a while, and view
The doleful'st Picture Sorrow ever drew,
The Lord of Life, Heav'n's darling Son,
The Great, th' Almighty One,
With out-stretch'd Arms nail'd to a cursed Tree,
Crown'd with sharp Thorns, cover'd with In-
famy.

He

He who before
 So many Miracles had done,
 The Lives of others to restore,
 Does with a greater lose his own.
 Full three Hours long he did sustain
 Most exquisite and poignant Pain :
 So long the sympathizing Sun his light with-
 drew,
 And wondered how the Stars their dying Lord
 could view.

VII.

This strange Defect of Light
 Does all the Sages in Astronomy affright
 With Fears of an eternal Night:
 Th' Intelligences in their Courses stray,
 And Travellers below mistake their Way,
 Wondring to be benighted in the midst of
 Day :
 Each Mind is seiz'd with Horror and Despair,
 And more o'erspread with Darknefs than the
 Air.
 Fear on, 'tis wondrous all and new,
 'Tis what past Ages never knew,
 Fear on, but yet you'll find
 The great Eclipse is still behind ;
 The Lustre of the Face Divine
 Does on the mighty Sufferer no longer shine ;

God hides his Glories from his Sight
With a thick Screen made of Hell's grossest
Night ;

Close wrought it was, and solid all,
Compacted, and substantial,
Impenetrable to th' Beatifick Light ;
Without Complaint he bore
The Tortures he endur'd before ;

But now no longer able to contain
Under the great Hyperbole of Pain,
He mourns, and with a strong pathetick Cry,
Laments the sad Desertion of the Deity.

Here stop, my Muse, stop and admire,
The Breather of all Life does now expire.
His milder Father summons him away ;
His Breath obediently he does resign ;
Angels to Paradise his Soul convey,
And calm the Relicks of his Grief with Hymns
Divine.





H Y M N O N H E A V E N.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

HA I L sacred Salem plac'd on High !
Seat of the mighty King,
What Thought can grasp thy boundless Bliss ?
What Tongue thy Glories sing ?

II.

Thy crystal Tow'rs and Palaces
Magnificently rise,
And dart their beauteous Lustre round
The Empirean Skies.

III.

The Voice of Triumph in thy Streets,
And Acclamations, sound :
Gay Banquets in thy splendid Courts,
And Nuptial Joys abound.

IV. Bright

IV.

Bright Smiles on ev'ry Face appear,
Rapture in ev'ry Eye;
From ev'ry Mouth g'ad Anthems flow,
And charming Harmony.

V.

Illustrious Day for ever there,
Streams from the Face Divine:
No pale-fac'd Moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor Stars, nor Sun, decline.

VI.

No searhing Heats, no piercing Colds,
The changing Seasons bring,
But o'er the Fields mild Breezes there
Breathe an Eternal Spring.

VII.

The Flow'rs with lasting Beauty shine,
And deck the smiling Ground,
While flowing Streams of Pleasure all
The happy Plains surround.





*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth in-
to the Fields, let us lodge in the Vil-
lages. Cant. 7. 11.*

I.

THOU Object of my highest Bliss,
And of my dearest Love,
Come let us from this tiresome World,
And all its Cares remove.

II.

Among the murm'ring crystal Streams,
The Groves, and flow'ry Fields,
Let's try the Calm and Silent Joys
That blest Retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the busie World,
To thee alone I'll Live,
And taste more Pleasure in thy Smiles
Than all things else can give.

IV.

My pure Desires, and holy Vows,
Shall Centre all in thee,
While ev'ry Hour to Sacred Love
Shall consecrated be.

HYMN.



H Y M N.

I.

BEfore the rosie Dawn of Day
To thee my God, I'll Sing,
Awake my soft and tuneful Lyre,
Awake each charming String.

II.

Awake, and let thy flowing Strain
Glide through the Midnight Air,
While high amid' st her silent Orb
The silver Moon rolls clear.

III.

While all the glitt'ring Starry Lamps
Are lighted in the Sky,
And set their Maker's Greatness forth
To thy admiring Eye

IV.

While watchful Angels round the Just
As nightly Guardians wait,
In lofty Srrains of grateful Praise
Thy Spirit elevate.

V.

Awake my soft and tuneful Lyre,
Awake each charming String,
Before the rosie Dawn of Day
To thee, my God, I'll Sing

VI.

Thou round the Heav'nly Arch dost draw
A dark and fable Veil,
And all the Beauties of the World
From mortal Eyes conceal.

VII.

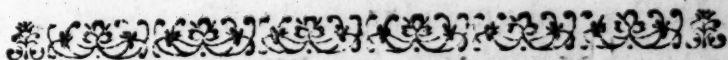
Agen the Sky with golden Beams
Thy Skilful Hands adorn,
And Paint with chearful Splendor gay
The fair ascending Morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy Night returns,
Or smiling Day renews,
Thy constant Goodness still my Soul
With Benefits pursues.

IX.

For this I'll midnight Vows to thee
With early Incense bring,
And e'er the rosie Dawn of Day
Thy lofty Praises sing.



PSALM CXIV.

I.

When *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's* Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own
Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

II.

Across the Deep their Journey lay.
The Deep divides to make them way ;
The Streams of *Jordan* saw, and fled
With backward Current to their Head.

III.

The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep
Like Lambs, the little Hillocks leap ;
Not *Sinai* on her Base could stand,
Conscious of Sovereign Power at Hand.

IV.

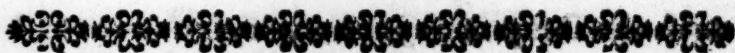
What Power could make the Deep divide ?
Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills ?
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels ?

V.

Let every Mountain, every Flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Israel*: See him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He Thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess their Lord.



A PARAPHRASE on John xxi. 17.

By a Young Lady.

YES, thou that knowest all, dost know I
love thee,
And that I set no Idol up above thee,
To thy unerring Censure I appeal,
And thou that knowest all things sure can'st
tell:
I love thee more than Life or Interest;
Nor hast thou any Rival in my Breast:
I love

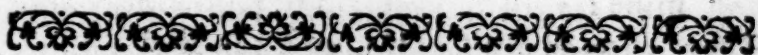
I love thee so that I could calmly bear
The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear,
Might I from thee but one kind Whisper
hear :

I love thee so that for a Smile of thine,
Might this and all the brighter Worlds be mine
I wou'd not pause, but with a noble Scorn,
At the unequal, slighted Offer, Spurn;
Yes, I to Fools these Trifles can resign,
Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art
mine :

I love thee as my Centre, and can find
No Point besides to stay my doubtful Mind;
Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were,
Till fix'd in thee its only congruous Sphere :
Urg'd with a Thousand specious Baits I stood,
Displeas'd and Sighing for some distant Good
To calm its genuine Dictates—but betwixt
Them all, remain'd suspended and unfixt.
I love thee so 'tis more than Death to be,
My Life, my Love, my All, depriv'd of thee ;
Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, Shades and Darkness,
then,

'Till thou unveil'st thy heav'nly Face agen :
I love thee so I'd kiss the Dart thou'd free
My fluttering Soul, and send her up to thee.
O wou'dst thou break her Chain, with what
Delight
She'd spread her Wings, and bid the World
good Night !

Scarce for my bright Conductors wou'd I
 stay,
 But lead thy flaming Ministers the Way,
 In their known Passage to eternal Day.
 And yet the Climes of Light wou'd scarce
 seem Fair,
 Unless I met my bright Redeemer there,
 Unless I there could view his charming Face,
 And cope all Heaven in his dear Embrace.

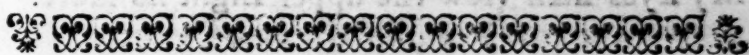


The W I S H.

By a young Lady.

WOU'd some kind Vision represent to me
 How Bright thy Streets, celestial Salem!
 be,
 I'd trace thy shining pearly Paths, and tell
 How blest are those that in thy Temple dwell.
 How much more Bright than e'er proud *Phæbus*
 shed
 Are those vast Rays, th' eternal Sun does
 spread!
 Cou'd I the Fairest of ten Thousand view,
 Wou'd Angels me their Admiration shew,
 I'd

I'd tell the Virgins, tell 'em o'er agen,
 How Fair he look'd, to the black Sons of Men:
 Might I (but Ah, while clogg'd with sinful
 Flesh,
 In vain I breathe out the impatient Wish)
 But have a Glimpse of those fair Fields a-
 bove,
 Where drest in Beams the shining Saints do
 move,
 More Gay than all the fancy'd Shades of Love.
 Where the true Sun of Glory ne'er declines,
 But with unclouded Vigour always shines:
 Where endless Smiles celestial Faces wear,
 No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear,
 For Grief is an unheard-of Stranger there.



*A DIALOGUE between the
 fallen Angels and a humane Spirit
 just entred into the other World.*

By an unknown Hand.

Humane Spirit.

Long struggling in the Agonies of Death,
 With Horror I resign'd my mortal Breath
 With Horror long the fatal Gulph I view'd,
 And shiv'ring on its utmost Edges stood,

58 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Till forc'd to take th' inevitable Leap,
 I hurry'd headlong down the gloomy Steep :
 And here of every Hope bereft, I find
 My self a naked, an unbody'd, Mind,
 My lov'd, my fond, officious, Friends in vain
 My fleeting Soul endeavour'd to retain ;
 In vain its blooming Mansion did invite,
 Grandeur, and Wealth, and Love, and soft
 Delight,
 With tempting Calls in vain its Flight would
 stay,
 When forc'd by the severe Decree away.
 'Tis past—and all like a thin Vision gone,
 For which I have my wretched Soul undone,
 And wand'ring on this dark detested Shore,
 My Eyes shall view the upper Light no more.

Fallen Angels.

Then welcome to the Regions of Despair,
 Thy Ruin cost us much Design and Care,
 And thou hadst 'scap'd but for one happy
 Snare,
 And in the blissful Skies supply'd the Place
 Of some fall'n Spirit of our nobler Race ;
 Thou cou'dst the Thirst of Wine or Wealth
 controul,
 And no malicious Sin has stain'd thy Soul,
 But for the Joys of one forbidden Love
 Hast lost the boundless Extasies above.

Humant

Divine HYMNS and POEMS. 59

Humane Spirit.

And all was freely, freely all was lost ;
How Dear has one short Dream of Pleasure
cost !

But yet this fatal, this enchanting Dream,
I should perhaps to Heaven it self esteem,
Were it as permanent ; But Ah ! 'Tis gone,
And I a Wretch abandon'd and undone ;
Of God, of every smiling Hope, am left,
And all my dear Delights on Earth bereft,
While here for gilded Roofs, and painted
Bowers,

For pleasant Walks, and Beds of fragrant
Flowers,

I find polluted Dens, and pitchy Streams,
And burning Paths with Beds of raging Flames;
Instead of Musick's sweet inspiring Sound,
Repeated Yells, and endless Groans, go round ;
And for the lovely Faces of my Friends,
I meet the Ghastly Villages of Fiends.

A Thousand nameless Terrors are behind,
Despair, Confusion, Fury, seize my Mind :
But will my Grievs no happy Period find ?

Fallen Angels.

Count all the twinkling Glories of the Sky,
Count all the Drops that in the Ocean lye,
Of all the earthy Globe the Atoms count,
Eternal Years thy Numbers still surmount.

60 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Millions of tedious ling'ring Ages gone,
Thy Misery, thy Hell, is but begun.
As fix'd, as permanent, thy Bliss had been,
But for one darling, one beloved, Sin;
Cold to the Baits of any other Vice
Beauty alone could thy fond Thoughts entice
By this, or all our Stratagems had fail'd,
By this we o'er thy temp'rate Youth prevail'd.
Poor sottiſh Soul ! Below our Envy now,
For what a Toy didst thou a Heaven forego !

Humane Spirit.

O tell me not from what fair Hopes I fell,
Just missing Heaven but aggravates my Hell.

Fallen Angels.

Thou know'st not what thou'st lost, but we
too well
The Glories of that happy Place can tell.
There endless Heights of Extasie they prove,
There's lasting Beauty and immortal Love ;
There flowing Pleasures in full Torrents roul,
For Pleasures form'd, this Loss must rack thy
Soul.

Humane Spirit.

With how much cruel Art you aggravate
My Miseries intolerable Weight.

Fallen

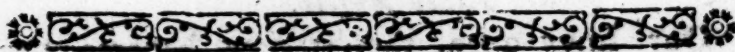
Fallen Angels.

Our Envy once, thou'rt now become our
Scorn,
In vain for thee the Son of God was Born;
That mighty Favour, that peculiar Grace,
Too Glorious for the fall'n Angelick Race,
Serves only to exasperate thy Doom,
And give th' infernal Shades a darker Gloom.

Humane Spirit.

Oh that's the wounding Circumstance of all,
To lower Depths of Woe I cannot fall :
Ye curst Tormentors, now your Rage is spent,
Your Fury can no further Hell invent ;
A Saviour's Title, a Redeemer's Blood,
Their Worth till now I little understood.





H Y M N.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

I.

From Earth's dull Joys, and senseless Mirth,
O come, my Soul, in hast retire,
Assume the Grandeur of thy Birth,
And to thy native Heav'n aspire.

II.

Here's Nought [Alas!] deserves delay,
Nought that can bribe thy swift remove,
No solid Ground thy Hopes to stay,
Nor worthy Object of thy Love.

III.

Its Mines can ne'er thy Treas'ry fill,
Nor Fountains cool thy scorching Rage,
Its scanty Feasts thy Hunger kill,
Nor all its Seas thy Thirst assuage.

IV. Tis

IV.

'Tis Heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry Wish and Want supply,
Thy Joy, thy Crown, thy endless Rest,
Are all above the lofty Sky.

V.

There purest Streams of Pleasure flow,
There Wisdom's sacred Springs arise,
There, there, the Tree of Life does grow,
Which flourish'd once in Paradise.

VI.

O there immortal Glories stray,
Immortal Songs of Praise resound,
Immortal Robes the Saints array,
And with immortal Youth they're crown'd.

VII.

There dwells the Sov'reign Lord of all,
The God that num'rous Worlds adore,
With whom is Bliss that ne'er does pall,
And Joys which last for evermore.

VIII.

No longer then delay thy Flight,
But mount, O mount, with eager Wing !
The joyful Stars thy Way will light,
The joyful Angels round thee sing.



Another.

I.

TO thee, Dear God, with eager Haste
My panting Soul does move;
To thee the Fountain of my Life,
And Object of my Love.

II.

Long have I rang'd the Maze of Sin,
Long spent my self in vain,
Too long been fond of false Delights,
And sported with my Chain.

III.

Ye Dreams and Shadows now farewell,
Farewel each gilded Toy,
A nobler Prospect cheers my Sight,
I taste a nobler Joy.

IV.

Welcome dear Virtue to my Soul,
How sweet thy Practice is!
Ten Thousand Pleasures croud thy Way
Thy End's eternal Bliss.

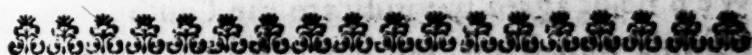
V. Thy

V.

Thy sacred Paths I'll swiftly run,
And climb from Grace to Grace,
Till on blest Zion's lofty Mount
I view my Saviour's Face.

VI.

This, Lord, my solemn Purpose is,
O may thy Aid conspire,
To crown my Labour with Success,
And fill my vast Desire.



The Second P S A L M
P A R A P H R A S ' D.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

What means this mighty Uproar? Whence
arise,

This great Commotion, these tumultuous
Cries?

What has alarm'd the Nations? What Offence

Does all the jealous States around incense?

What does the Heathen Fire with so much
Rage?

What Jacob's Sons in such Designs engage

As

66 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

As they can ne'er effect ? Or if they do,
 They'll miss the End they furiously pursue.
 Infatuated Men! you'll sure repent
 Your rash Attempts, too late the sad Event
 Will shew your Projects vain, your Malice
 impotent.

Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendship make,
 And in their Anger desp'rate Counsels take
 Against their great Creator and his Son,
 And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone.
 Let us, say they, assert our Liberty,
 And keep our Kingdoms from Oppression free,
 We'll ne'er agree to vindicate the Cause
 Of this new King, nor e'er obey his Laws.
 Th' Almighty sets his Fav'rite up in vain,
 We'll ne'er consent to this Usurper's Reign.
 We his proud Yoak will never tamely bear,
 But will his servile Chains asunder tear,

But the Great God, who sits enthron'd on high
 Above the Starry Convex of the Sky,
 Insultingly will mock their foolish Pride,
 Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots
 deride.

In fiery Indignation he shall pass
 A dreadful Sentence on this impious Race.
 The Marks of high Displeasure he shall shew;
 And pour Destruction on th' audacious Foe.

Thus

Thus from his Throne sublime th' Eternal
spoke,
And with his awful Voice the Frame of Nature
shook,

In Spite of all the Princes that combine,
Or to retard or frustrate my Design,
On Zion's Hill my Favourite I'll enthrone,
And fix upon his Head th' Imperial Crown.
Submissive States his Empire shall obey,
And at his Footstool Kings their Scepters lay.

He shall tyrannick Cruelty correct,
And tenderly his Subjects Rights protect.

He shall assert divine religious Cause,
Heav'n's sacred Interest manage with Ap-
plause,

And rule the World with just and equal
Laws.

To execute his high, important, Charge,
My Viceroy I invest with Pow'r at large :
Vast Pow'r I give him, but I give him none
But what is mixt with Mercy like my own.

No other Pow'r but what is understood
To be intended for his Subjects Good,
His just and gentle Conduct shall confess
He seeks his Glory in their Happiness.

I to the World will publish my Decree
That raises him to regal Dignity.

Thus

68 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Thus said the Lord, — let it this Day be
known

Thou art my begotten only Son,
Thy high Descent let all the Nations own.
Thou art entitul'd by thy Royal Birth
To all the Realms and Nations of the Earth;
Make thy Demand, and by my Grant Divine
The Pagan States and Kingdoms shall be thine.
I'll subject all the spacious Tracts of Land
From Pole to Pole to thy supream Command.
Thou shalt of all the Regions be possesst,
From the Sun's rising to the adverse West.
Only the Limits which the World surround.
Thy universal Monarchy shall bound.
Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou shalt Reign,
O'er proud Oppressors, and their Rage restrain.
Thou shalt in Pieces dash like Potters Clay
Thy stubborn Foes, who insolently say,
We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Com-
mands obey.

Ye foolish Kings and Potentates be wise,
And be instructed where your Safety lies.
The Son of God with Acclamations meet,
And prostrate lye adoring at his Feet.
Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoak,
Lest your Neglect his Fury shou'd provoke.
If you refuse this Monarch to obey,
Before you'll perish in your wicked Way.
For if his Wrath so dreadful does appear,
When scarcely kindled, what have you to fear,
Who

Who by your desp'rate Provocations raise
The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury
blaze?

No longer your Subjection then delay,
The safe and happy Men are only they,
Who, as their Refuge and secure Defence,
Repose in him their Trust and Confidence.



The CXLVIII PSALM

P A R A P H R A S ' D.

By the same Hand.

YE bright immortal Colonies,
That People all the Regions of the
Skies.

That in your blisful Seats above
Inhabit Glory, dwell in Light and Love ;

Ye mighty Gen'rals, who command
Th' Almighty's Host ; ye Ministers that stand
In his blest Presence to receive

What Orders he is pleas'd to give ;
Ye Guards and Household Servants who resort
To pay Attendance at his Court ;

Ye

70 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Ye Saints and Seraphs who astonish'd see
 His Greatness, and Essential Majesty ;
 Tune your celestial Harps, and sing
 The Triumphs of th' eternal King ;
 All ye his heav'nly Hosts applaud
 In long-contin'd Shouts your Wonder-work-
 ing God ;
 Ye Sun, and Moon, and Stars, that grace the
 Night,
 Praise him the unexhausted Spring of Light,
 Whence your dependant Influence streams,
 Whence you derive your delegated Beams ;
 Exalt his Name, and spread his Praise,
 As far as you diffuse your Rays.
 Let all the glorious Worlds above agree
 In this celestial Harmony ;
 And in the dancing, ecchoing, Spheres around,
 Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the Sound.

Ye thin transparent Regions of the Air,
 And all ye flying Nations there,
 With one melodious Voice th' Eternal's
 Praise declare.

Let Tempests with their stormy Noise,
 And thunder with its roaring Voice,
 (God's own Artillery) proclaim
 Thro' all the list'ning World th' Eternal's Fame.

From

From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds arise,
On whose swift Wings th' Almighty flies,
When he his Progress makes into th' inferior
Skies.

Blow all your Blasts, and all your Breath
employ

In loud Applauses, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours that by God's Command arise,
To fill Heav'ns Magazines with fresh Supplies,
And for the Meteors new Materials bring,
As you ascend th' Eternal's Praises sing.

Ye Clouds that by pursuing Winds are driv'n,
Pour with your Rain your Praises forth,
Let these ascend as high as Heav'n,
While that descends to bless the Earth.

Praise the divine Artificer

Ye Light'nings, which his Hands prepare,
And all ye curious Fire-works of the Air.

Praise him ye other Meteors of the Sky,

Ye Hailstones, Mists, and woolly Snow,
The Manufactures which he works on high
For Nature's Service here below.

Let Nature's mighty Sov'rain Lord,
Be by the Deep and all the Floods ador'd.

In Confort let the Billows roar,
And make his Praise rebound from Shoar to
Shoar.

The

72 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS*

The scaly People let them dance ;
Before 'em let their Lords, the mighty Whales,
advance.

And High amidst the Air on this great Day
Let all the Water-works from their vast Nostrils
play.

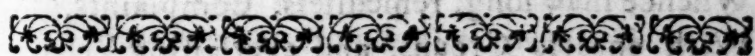
And while the Deep, the Air, and Sky,
Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raise,
Let not the Earth stand Silent by,
But join to celebrate his Praise.
Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all ye Savage Kind,
On ecchoing Hills in Consort join'd,
To him your Adoration pay,
Whose Bounty in the Desert finds you prey ;
Do you your Gratitude express,
And make his Praises ring thro' all the Wilder-
ness.

Ye Pines and Cedars tune your selves to play
Th' Almighty's Praises on this solemn Day ;
And sing ye Mountains, Hills, and Floods,
To th' Instrumental Musick of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore,
And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay,
Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r,
You're here but Subjects, and shou'd Homage
pay,

Let

Let Songs of Praise the Gratitude attest
Of Aged Men, long by his Favours blest;
Let rapt'rous Zeal young Men and Maids
in flame,
To celebrate their Maker's Fame;
Let lisping Infants at his Praises aim;
Let all th' Eternal's Works conspire
To execute this blest Design,
To praise him let them all combine,
And make the World one Universal Quire.



A Description of HELL,

In Imitation of Mr. MILTON.

By an unknown Hand.

DEep, to unfathomable Spaces deep,
Descend the dark, detested, Paths of Hell,
The Gulphs of Execration and Despair,
Of Pain, and Rage, and pure unmingled Woe;
The Realms of endless Death, and Seats of Night,
Uninterrupted Night, which sees no Dawn,
Prodigious Darkness! Which receives no Light
But from the sickly Blaze of Sulph'rous Fiames,
That cast a Pale and Dead Reflection round,
Disclosing all the desolate Abyss,

D

Dread-

Dreadful beyond what humane Thought can
 form,
 Bounded with circling Seas of liquid Fire.
 Aloft the blazing Billows curl their Heads,
 And form a Rear along the direful Strand,
 While ruddy Cat'raets from on high descend
 And urge the fiery Ocean's stormy Rage.
 Impending Horrors o'er the Region frown,
 And weighty Ruin threatens from on high;
 Inevitable Snares, and fatal Pits,
 Gulphs of deep Perdition wait below;
 Whence issue long, remediless, Complaints,
 With endless Groans, and everlasting Yells,
 Legions of ghastly Fiends (prodigious Sight!)
 Fly all confus'd across the sickly Air,
 And roaring horrid, shake the vast Extent.
 Pale meagre Spectres wander all around,
 And pensive Shades, and black deformed Ghosts.
 With impious Fury some aloud Blaspheme,
 And wildly staring upwards Curse the Skies;
 While some, with gloomy Terror in their
 Looks,
 Trembling all-over, downward cast their Eyes,
 And tell in hollow Groans their deep Despair,

 Convinc'd by fatal Proofs, the Atheist here
 Yields to the sharp tormenting Evidence,
 And of an infinite Eternal Mind,
 At last the challeng'd Demonstration meets

The Libertine his Folly here laments,
His blind Extravagance, that made him sell
Unfading Bliss, and everlasting Crowns,
Immortal Transports, and Celestial Feasts,
For the short Pleasure of a sordid Sin,
For one fleet Moment's despicable Joy.
Too late, all lost, for ever lost, he sees
The envy'd Saints triumphing from afar,
And Angels basking in the Smiles of God.
But Oh! That all was for a Trifle lost,
Gives to his bleeding Soul perpetual Wounds.

The wanton Beauty, whose bewitching Arts,
Has drawn Ten Thousand wretched Souls to
Hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry Blandishment and Charm,
All black, and horrid, seeks the Darkest Shades
To shun the Fury of revengeful Ghosts,
That with vindictive Curses still pursue
The Author of their miserable Fate,
Who from the Paths of Life seduc'd their
Souls,
And led them down to these accurst Abodes.

The Fool that sold his Heav'n for gilded Clay,
The Scorn of all the Damn'd ev'n here laments
His sordid Heaps; which still to purchase, he
A second Time wou'd forfeit all above:
Nor covets Fields of Light nor Starry Wreaths,

Nor Angels Songs, nor pure unmingled Bliss,
 But for his darling Treasures still repines;
 Which from afar, to aggravate his Doom,
 He sees some thoughtless Prodigal consume.
 Beyond them all a miserable Hell
 The execrable Persecutor finds,
 No Spirit howls among the Shades below
 * More Damn'd, more Fierce, nor more a Fiend
 then he

Aloud he Heav'n and Holiness blasphemes,
 While all his Enmity to Good appears,
 His Enmity to Good; once falsely call'd
 Religious Warmth, and Charitable Zeal.
 On high, beyond th' unpassable Abyss,
 To aggravate his Righteous Doom, he views
 The blissful Realms, and there the Schismatic,
 The Visionary, the deluded Saint,
 By him so often hated, wrong'd and scorn'd,
 So often curs'd and damn'd, and banish'd
 thence,

He sees him there possess of all that Heav'n,
 Those Glories, those Immortal Joys, which he,
 The Orthodox, unerring Catholic,
 The mighty Fav'rite, and Elect of God,
 With all his mischievous, converting, Arts,
 His killing Charity, and burning Zeal,
 His pompous Creeds, and boasted Faith, has
 lost.



O N
H E A V E N.

By an unknown Hand.

W^Hat glorious things of thee, O glorious
Place !

Shall my bold Muse in daring Numbers speak ?
While to immortal Strains I tune my Lyre,
And warbling imitate Angelick Airs :
While Extrasic bears up my Soul aloft,
And lively Faith gives me a distant Glimpse
Of Glories unreveal'd to humane Eyes.

Ye Starry Mansions, hail: My native Skies:
Here in my happy, pre-existent State,
(A spotless Mind) I led the Life of Gods.
But passing, I salute you, and advance
To yonder brighter Realms allow'd Access.

Hail, splendid City of th' Almighty King!
Celestial *Salem*, situate above ;
Magnificent thy Prospect, and August,
Thy Walls Sublime, thy Tow'rs and Palaces
Illustrious far, with orient Gems appear.
There Regent Angels, crown'd with Stars
command,

78 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

High in the midst, the awful Throne of God
 Ascends the utmost Empirean Arch.
 The Heav'n of Heavens, were inconceivable
 Light,
 Such as Infinity alone can prove,
 H' enjoys th' extreamest Bounds of Happiness,
 And was in perfect Blessedness the same
 E'er any Thing existed but himself;
 E'er Time, or Place, or Motion, had a Name;
 Before the Spheres begun their tuneful Round;
 Or through the Air the Sun had spread his
 Beams;
 E'er at his Feet the flaming Seraphs bow'd,
 And cast their shining Crowns before his
 Throne;
 E'er smiling Angels tun'd their golden Harps,
 Or sung one Hallelujah to his Praise,
 But mighty Love which mov'd him to create,
 Still moves him to communicate his Bliss.

O speak you happy Spirits that surround
 His dazling Throne, for you alone can tell,
 For you alone those Raptures can describe,
 And stem th' impetuous Floods of Joy that rise
 Within your Breasts, when all unvail'd you
 View
 The Wonders of the beatifick Sight:
 When from the bright unclouded Face of God
 You drink full Draughts of Bliss and endless
 Love,

And

And plunge your selves in Life's immortal
Fount ;
The Spring of Joy which from his darling
Throne
In endless Currents smoothly glides away,
Thro' all the verdant Fields of Paradise,
Thro' balmy Groves, where on their flow'ry
Banks,
To murm'ring Waters, and soft whisp'ring
Winds,
Fair Spirits in melodious Consort join,
And sweetly warble their heroick Loves :
For Love makes half their Heav'n, and kindles
here
New Flames and ardent Life in ev'ry Breast ;
While active Pleasure lightens in their Eyes,
And sparkling Beauty shines on every Face :
Their spotless Minds, all pure and exquisite,
The noblest Heights of Love prepar'd to Act
In everlasting Sympathies unite,
And melt in flowing Joys Eternity away.

To these blest Shades, and amarantine
Bow'rs,
When dazled with th' unsufferable Beams
That issue from the open Face of God,
For Umbrage many a Seraphim resorts :
Nor longer here o'er their bright Faces clasp
Their gorgeous Wings, which open wide display.

80 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

More Radiance than adorns the chearful Sun,
When first he from the rosie East looks out :
Gentle as Love, their Looks, serene as Light,
Blooming and Gay as everlasting Springs.

But Oh ! When in the lofty blisful Bow'rs,
With heav'nly Skill, to the harmonious Lyre,
The clear, the sweet, the melting Voice they
join,
The Vales of Heav'n rejoice, and ecchoing
loud,
Redouble ev'ry charming Close agen,
While trembling Winds upon their fragrant
Wings
Bear far the soft melodious Sounds away,
The silver Streams their winding Journeys stay,
Suspend their Murmurs, and attend the Song ;
The laughing Fields new Flow'rs and Verdure
wear,
And all the Trees of Life bloom out afresh.
The num'rous Suns which gild the Realms of
Joy
Dance in their lightsome Spheres, and brighter
Day,
Thro' all th' interminable Æther Dart,
While to the great unutterable Name
All Glory they ascribe in lofty Strains.
In Strains expresseless by a mortal Tongue.
O happy Regions ! O transporting Place !
With what Regret I turn my loathing Eyes
To

To yonder earthly Globe, my dusky Seat ;
But, Ah, I must return, no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the soft, celestial, Air,
And view the mystick Wonders of the Skies.



The LAMENTATIONS of JEREMIAH.

By Mrs. WHARTON.

Chapter 1st, the Argument.

Verse. 1. *The miserable State of Jerusalem,*
by reason of her Sins. 12. *She complain-*
eth of her Grief. 18. *And confesseth*
God's Judgments to be righteous.

1. **H**OW doth the mournful widow'd
City bow,
She that was once so great : Alas, how low :
Once fill'd with Joy, with Desolation now.

2. Tears on her Cheeks and Sables on her
Head ;
She mourns her Lover's Lost, and Comforts
dead :

E 5

Alas,

82 *Divine* HYMNS and POEMS.

Alas, alas, lost City, where are those,
So proud once to be Friends, now turn'd her
Foes.

3. *Judah* is gone ; alas, to Bondage gone,
Amongst the Heathen *Judah* mourns alone,
Griev'd, and in Servitude, she finds no rest ;
Follow'd by none but those by whom oppress'd.

4. The Feasts of *Zion*, no one now attends ;
Unhappy *Zion*, destitute of Friends :
Her Priests still sigh and all her Virgins mourn,
Because her Gladness finds now no return.

5. Her Enemies are great, and ever high,
Still Fortunate, because her Crimes were nigh :
Her captiv'd Children still her Guilt upbraid,
Who mourn, whilst their insulting Foes invade

6. Her Beauty which excell'd, is now no more
That Brightness which all Nations did adore ;
Her Princes are like hunted Harts become,
Breathless and Faint, whilst the Pursuit
goes on :
Alas for *Zion*, all their Strength is gone.

7. *Jerusalem* then thought upon the Hour
When she was Crown'd with Peace, Delight
and Power ;

Thoughts

Thoughts once so joyful, mournful now
and vain,
The Foe insults, whilst she no Help sustains,
Mocking both at her Sabaths and her Pains.

8. Her Crimes have caus'd her to be far re-
mov'd,
Jerusalem, who was so well belov'd.
All those who in her Pride admir'd her Fame,
Despise her now, because they've seen her
Shame.
Sighing, she turns away, with Shame distress'd,
Amaz'd, despis'd, deserted and oppress'd.

9. Circl'd with Guilt and Shame, she cannot
fly,
Her Comforts far remov'd, her End too nigh;
She vainly thinks on that 'tis now too late,
Behold those Grievs, which no one can repeat
Her Fall is steep, and all her Foes are great.

10. Her Sanctuary is by them betray'd,
All her Delights they carelessly invade,
Even the Heathen of whom God had said,
They should not in her holy Temple tread.

11. Her hungry People Sigh, and give a way
For Bread, their Treasures, lest their Lives de-
cay.

Consider;

84 *Divine* HYMNS and POEMS.

Consider, Lord, see her with Cares bow'd
down,

For I am Vile, and *Zion* left alone.

12. All you who pass this way, behold and
see,

Are my Griefs small? Do others grieve like me?
Are not these Sorrows, under which I bow,
With which the Lord hath brought my Soul so
low?

Turn back and mourn with me, because my
Lord

In his fierce Anger doth no Peace afford.

13. He from above hath Flames and Horror
sent,

Circling my Soul with Pain and Discontent;
His Snares alas my weary Feet betray.
Whilst desolate and faint I mourn all Day
For *Zion's* lost, her Glory thrown away. }

14. Our Sins have brought those Chains
which his Command

Hath fasten'd, now, who can his Power with-
stand? }

How they are link'd by his almighty Hand.

The Lord forsakes, and I am now the Scorn
Of Enemies, because of God forlorn: }

He was my Strength, and now alas 'tis gone. }

15. My

15. My mighty Men are all by him cast
down,
They're crush'd by Numbers and I'm left alone
Whilst silently thy Virgin Daughters mourn,
Unhappy mournful *Judah*, left forlorn.

16. For this I weep, and waft my self in
Tears,
Because her Help's far off, and Sorrow's near :
Ah, wretched *Judah*, where is now thy Hope :
Thy Foes still Triumph whilst thy Children
Droop.

17. *Zion* spreads forth her Arms to be reliev'd,
But who can Comfort whom the Lord hath
Griev'd :
Her Enemies encrease and flourish still,
By his Command, by his all powerful Will.
Ah ! wretched City, scorn'd and sham'd by all,
Who can enough lament thy dreadful Fall ?

18. Yet he is Just, for I am Guilty found :
The Lord, with Righteousness is always
Crown'd.

Ye that pass by see me with Sorrows drown'd,
My weight of Sin hath press'd me to the
Ground.

Who is it now my Freedom can restore ?
My Youth and captive Virgins are no more.

19. I call'd for all my Friends, but they
were gone,
Friendship grows cold when Misery comes on :
With Hunger pin'd my Priests and Rulers dy'd,
Within my Walls perish'd my Strength and
Guide.

20. My Crimes are great, so are my Sorrows
now,
Behold, my Lord, see the afflicted bow ;
Abroad th' unerring Sword bereaves of Breath,
And Grief at home is a more cruel Death.

21. All round me hear my Sighs, and see
my Tears,
Whilst there is none that can relieve my Cares :
My Foes hear and rejoyce at what is done.
But thou wilt surely, Lord, at last return,
And then the Enemy like me will mourn.

22. Their Crimes are great, turn mighty
Lord, and see,
Afflict 'em then as thou afflictest me.
My Grievs are great, turn therefore and relent:
My Sighs are many, and my Heart is faint.



Part of the Third Chapter of HAB-
B A K K U K, Paraphras'd.

By a young Lady.

I.

W HEN God from *Teman* came,
And Cloath'd in Glory from Mount *Paran* shone,
Drest in th' unsufferable Flame
That hides his dazling Throne,
His Glory soon eclyps'd the once bright *Titan's*
Rays,
And fill'd the trembling World with Terror
and Amaze ;
Resplendent Beams did Crown his awful
Head,
And shining Brightness all around him
spread ;
Omnipotence he graspt in his strong Hand,
And list'ning Death stood waiting on his
dread Command :
Waiting 'till his resistless Dart he'd throw ;
Devouring Coals beneath his Feet did glow :

All

88 *Divine Hymns and Poems.*

All Nature's Frame did quake beneath his
Feet,
And with his Hand he the vast Globe did
meet ;
The frighted Nations scattered ;
And at his Sight the bashful Mountains fled ;
The everlasting Hills their Founder's Voice
obey,
And stoop their lofty Heads to make th' Eter-
nal way.
The distant *Ethiops* all Confusion are,
And *Midians* trembling Curtains cannot hide
their Fear :
When thy swift Chariots pass'd the yielding
Sea,
Thy blushing Waves back in Amazement flee ;
Affrighted *Jordan* stops his flowing Urn,
And bids his forward Streams back to their
Fountain turn.

II.

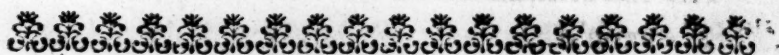
Arm'd with thy mighty Bow,
Thou march'd'st out against thy daring Foe :
And very terrible thou didst appear
To them, but thus thy darling People hear :
" Know *Jacob's* Sons, I am the God of Truth,
" Your Father *Jacob's* God, nor can I break my
" Oath :

The

Divine HYMNS and POEMS. 89

The Mountains shook as our dread Lord ad-
vanc'd,
And all the little Hills around them danc'd:
The neighb'ring Streams their verdant Banks
o'erflow,
The Waters saw and trembled at the Sight,
Back to their old Abyss they go,
And bear the News to everlasting Night:
The Mother Deep within her hollow Caverna
roars,
And beats the silent Shores;
The Sun above no longer dares to strive,
Nor will his frightened Steeds their wonted Jour-
ney drive.
The Moon to see her Brother stop his Carr
Grew pale, and curb'd her Sable Reins for
Fear;
Thy threat'ning Arrows gild their flaming
Way,
And at the glitt'ring of thy Spear the Heathen
dares not stay.
Thy very Sight does them subdue,
And arm'd with Fury thou the Vict'ry dost
pursue.





SERAPHICK LOVE.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

THOU Beauty's vast Abyfs, Abstract of all
My Thoughts can lovely, great, or splen-
did call;
To thee in Heav'nly Flames, and pure Desires,
My ravish'd Soul impatiently aspires.

II.

With Admiration, Praise, and endless Love,
Thou fill'st the wide resplendent Worlds above,
And none can Rival, or with thee Compare,
Of all the bright Intelligences there.

III.

What Vapours then, what short-liv'd Glo-
ries be
The Fairest Idols of our Sense to thee?
Before the streaming Splendor of thine Eye,
The languid Beauties fall away and die.

IV.

Farewel then, all you flat Delights of Sense,
I'm charm'd with a Sublimier Excellence,

To

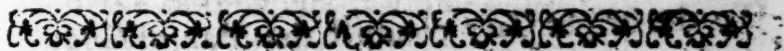
To whom all mortal Beauty's but a Ray,
Ascatter'd Drop of his o'erflowing Day.

V.

How strongly thou my panting Heart dost move
With all the Holy Extasies of Love!
In these sweet Flames let me expire, and see
Unveil'd the Brightness of thy Deity.

VI.

Oh! let me die, for there's no earthly Bliss
My Thoughts can ever relish after this;
No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy Smiles, to please, or satisfy me
now.



The Translation of Elijah.

By an unknown Hand.

HIS Lecture to the sad Young Prophets done,
And last Adieus, the Rev'rend Seer goes
on,

Obedient as the Sacred Instinct guides,
And now advanc'd to *Jordan's* verdent sides;
Elijah with his great Successor stood,
And gave a Signal to the passing Flood;

Th

Th' obsequious Waters stay, for well they know
 What to his high Authority they owe,
 While Wave on Wave with silent Awe crowds
 back,

To leave a clean, and spacious, sandy, Track.

Elijah on with his Companion goes,

Behind 'em soon the Crystal Ridges close,

No more revers'd, the troubled Current
 flows.

Then forward still they went, discoursing High
 Of Heavenly Bliss and Immortality,
 When from a Cloud breaks, (like the Purple
 Dawn)

By Fiery Steeds a Fiery Chariot drawn!

A glittering Convoy swift as that descends,

And in an Instant parts th' embracing Friends;

To the bright Carr conduct the Man of God,

And mount agen the steep Ætherial Road.

The passing Triumph lightens all the Air

With ruddy Lustre, than high Noon more fair,

And Paints the Clouds than Evening Beams
 more Gay,

Thro' which with wond'rous Speed they cut
 their Way.

Now lofty Piles of Thunder, Hail, and Snow,

Th' Artillery of Heav'n, they have below;

Below the glimm'ring Moon's pale Regency

They leave, and now more free ascend the Sky,

Breathing agen Immortal Air, nor here

Resent the Pressure of the Atmosphere.

By

By Holy Extasies and Flames intense,
Here Purg'd from all the Dregs of mortal Sence,
With Heavenly Lustre eminently Gay

Elijah wondring does himself Survey;

All o'er Sureys himself, and then the Skies,
While new stupendious Objects meet his Eyes.

With his new Being pleas'd thus, the first man

As just to Live and Reason, he began

On Hills, and Valleys, Groves and Founnains,
Gaz'd,

With Skies and Light thus ravish'd, thus amaz'd.

But now the utmost Firmament they cleave,

And all the Starry Worlds behind them leave,

Hark, Angels Sing! Of Light appears new
Streaks!

Celestial Day with gawdy Splendour breaks!

On Heav'ns Rich Solid Azure now they tread

The blisful Paths that to God's Presence led,

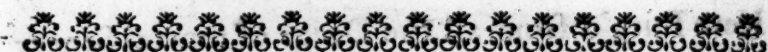
While to the new Inhabitant all the Way

Loud welcomes on their Harps his Guardians
Play,

A Thousand joyful Spirits crowd to meet.

The glorious Saint, and his Arrival great.





Paraphrase on the 29th. Psalm.

YE mighty Princes, and ye Gods of Earth!
 Who Great by Merit as you're Great by
 Birth,
 With Look Imperial strike a trembling Awe
 In prostrate Slaves, to whom your Words are
 Law!
 Confess the Lord, the mighty Lord, to be
 In Pow'r unrivall'd as in Majesty.
 The Honours you receive, repay to him
 With double Rev'ence, as he's God's Supream.
 Visit the Temple blest by his Abode,
 But see the Glory, and you'll own the God;
 'Twill warm your Breasts with true Devoti-
 on's Fire,
 And wondrous Tho'ts with wondrous Words
 inspire,
 And join your Praises to the Solemn Quire.
 The yielding Clouds obey his pow'rful Voice.
 And Earth and Ocean tremble at the Noise.
 Through the wide Heav'ns his rowling Thun-
 ders found,
 With what Majestick Dread and Horror crown'd!
 Nor Depth, nor stately Bulk, the Trees defend,
 At his Approach the shady Forests bend.

Nor

Not *Libanus* his ancient Pride can boast,
His Honour's now in rude disorder lost,
The shatter'd Branches from the Trunk are
roft.

Nor sunder'd long, an equal Fate they share,
Branches and Trees are whirl'd aloft in Air,
Nor does the furious Shock the jealous Moun-
tains spare.

His forked Lightnings cut their shining Way,
And with brisk Flashes thro' the Clouds they
play.

To vast wild threatening Desarts too, afar,
With rapid Speed he sends the stormy War;
The stormy War whole Desarts overthrows,
Pleas'd with the hideous Ruin on it goes,
Till horrid *Kadish* still more horrid shews.
The helpless Hinds, thro' Terror and Surprise,
Their doubtful lab'ring Weight discharge with
Ease.

Bold Ravagers their wily Coverts bare,
Search their known Dens, and shake with consci-
ous Fear;

But Pious Worshippers his Temple seek,
And there securely of his Glory speak;
'Tis God, say they, 'tis God sets King above,
Him can the Mighty from his Throne remove!
'Tis he protects us from our bloody Foes,
Thunder and Lightning are at his Dispose;
He'll be our Strength, and to compleat the Bliss,
Will grant the Blessings of a lasting Peace.

A DIA-



A DIALOGUE between the Soul, Riches, Fame, and Pleasure.

By an unknown Hand.

Riches.

DEluded Mortal, turn and view my Store,
While all my glitt'ring Treasures I ex-
plore.

The Gold of both the *Indian* Worlds is mine;
And Gems that in the Eastern Quarries shine.
For me advent'rous Men attempt the Main,
And all the Fury of its Waves sustain!
For me all Toils and Hazards they disdain.
For me their Country's sold, their Faith betray'd
The Voice of Intrest ne'er was disobey'd.

Soul.

Yet I thy tempting Offers can despise,
Nor lose a Wish on such a worthless Prize.
When yonder sparkling Stars attract my Sight,
Thy Gold, thy boasted Gems lose all their Light.

My

My daring Thoughts above these Trifles rise,
And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the Skies.
I there expect Celestial Diadems,
Out-shining all thy counterfeited Gems.

Fame.

'Tis nothing strange that thy ambitious Mind
In sordid Wealth should no Temptation find.
But I have Terms which thy Acceptance claim,
Heroick Glory, and a mighty Name!
To these the greatest Souls on Earth aspire,
Souls, most endow'd with the Celestial Fire;
Whom neither Wealth nor Beauty can inflame;
These hazard all for an Illustrious Name,

Soul.

And yet thou art a meer Fantastick Thing,
Which can no solid Satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly Monuments survive,
And after Death in Men's Applauses live,
What Profit were their vain Applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless Infamy?
Sunk in Reproach, and everlasting Shame,
With God, and Angels, where's my promis'd
Fame?

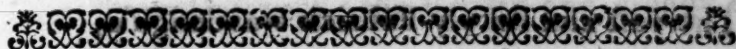
But if their Approbation I obtain,
And deathless Wreaths, and heavenly Glories
gain,
I may the World's false Pageantry disdain.

Pleasure.

But where the Baits of Wealth and Honour fall
 Th' enchanting Voice of Pleasure may prevail.
 The Lewd and Virtuous both my Vassals prove,
 No Breast so guarded but my Charms can move
 All that delights Mankind attends on me,
 Beauty and Youth, and Love, and Harmony.
 I wing the smiling Hours, and gild the Day,
 My Paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my Way.

Soul.

But Ah! these Paths to black Perdition tend,
 There soon thy soft deluding Visions end.
 Those smooth, those flow'ry Ways, lead down
 to Hell,
 Where all thy Slaves in endless Night must
 dwell.
 The Road of Virtue far more rugged is,
 But O! it leads to Everlasting Bliss.
 And all beyond the thorny Passage lies
 The Realm of Light discover'd to mine Eyes.
 Gay Bowers, and Streams of Joy, and lightsome
 Fields,
 With happy Shades, the beauteous Prospect
 yields;
 Those blissful Regions I shall shortly gain,
 Where Peace and Love, and endless Pleasures
 reign.



The 38th Chapter of JOB Translated.

By Mrs. SINGER.

IN Thunder now the God his Silence broke,
And from a Cloud this lofty Language
spoke.

Who, and where art thou, fond, presumptu-
ous, Man,
That by thy own weak Measures mine woud'st
scan?

Undaunted as an equal Match for me,
Stand forth, and answer my Demands to thee.

And first let thy Original be trac'd,
And tell me then what mighty Thing thou wast.
When to the World my potent Word gave Birth,
And fixt the Centre of the floating Earth?
Didst thou assist with one designing Thought,
Or my Idea's rectifie in ought,
When from Confusion I this Order brought?
When like an Artist I the Line stretch'd out,
And markt its wide Circumference about,
Didst thou contribute, Job, the needful Aid,
When I the Deep, and strong Foundations laid,
And with my Hand the rising Pillars stay'd?

When from the perfect Model of my Mind
 The vast and stately Fabrick was design'd,
 So wondrous, so compleat in ev'ry Part,
 Adorn'd with such Variety of Art,
 The Sons of Light the goodly Frame survey,
 As their own Seats Magnificent and Gay.
 Around the shining Verge of Heav'n the Crowd,
 And from the Crystal Confines, shout aloud.
 For Joy the Morning Stars together sang,
 And Heav'n all o'er with glad Preludiums rang.

Were the tumultuous Floods by thee controul'd,
 When without Bounds the foaming Billows
 roul'd?
 Didst thou appoint 'em then their oozy Bed,
 And humid Clouds o'er all their Surface spread?
 Affixing Limits to th' imperious Deep,
 The Limits it perpetually shall keep,
 Tho' mounting high the angry Surges roar,
 And dash themselves with Rage against the Shore.

When did'st thou summon up the ling'ring
 Day,
 And haste the lovely blushing Morn away?
 Swift as my flaming Messengers above,
 Its gaudy Wings of my Direction move.

Haft

Hast thou survey'd the Ocean's dark Abodes,
The steep Descents, the Vaults and craggy
Roads,
Thro' which hollow Rumour rush the nether
Floods

Or hast thou measur'd the prodigious Store
Of Waves that in those ghastly Caverns roar?
Or hast thou, *Job*, the Fatal Valley trac'd,
And thro' the Realms of Death undaunted pass'd
Where the pale King a rusty Scepter weilds,
And reigns a Tyrant o're the dusky Fields?

Dost thou the Pure Immortal Fountain
know,
From whence those num'rous Streams of Glory
flow,

Which feed the radiant Lamps that in the
Æther glow?

Or from what Caves the fullen Shadows rise
When, like a Deluge, Night involves the Skies?
How does the Sun his Morning Beams display
Thro' golden Clouds, and spread the sudden Day,
When breaking from the East, all fresh and fair,
He dances thro' the glitt'ring Fields of Air?
At his Approach all Nature looks more Gay,
Thro' ev'ry Grove refreshing Breezes play,
And o'er the Streams, and o'er the Meadows,
stray.

Dost thou the Clouds amidst the Air sustain,
And melt the floating Rivers down in Rain.

When overcharg'd, the yielding Atmosphere
 No longer now the watry Load can bear ;
 On gloomy Wings the sounding Tempest flies,
 And heavy Thunders roul along the Skies ;
 Around the airy Vault fierce Lightnings play,
 And burn themselves thro' solid Clouds away :
 With Water, who the Wilderness supplies ?
 And tell me whence the Midnight Dews arise ?
 Or from what cold and putrifying Womb
 The Ice and nipping hoary Frost does come ?
 What secret Pow'r its fluid Parts cement,
 Congeal, and harden, the soft Element ?
 All stiff and motionless the frozen Deep,
 No curling Winds its shining Surface sweep.

Canst thou the chearing Influences stay
 Of those mild Stars which deck the Spring so gay ?
 Or loose the fullen Planets Icy Bands,
 Which Frosts, and rough Tempestuous Winds,
 commands ?

Canst thou bring out Fair *Max'roth's* sultry Beam ?
 Or guide thro' Heav'ns Blue Tracks the Starry
 Team ?

Do all the shining, vast Machines above
 By thy Contrivance in such Order move ?
 If so — Still thy Divinity to prove.
 Set open now the Flood-gates of the Sky.
 And call a mighty Deluge from on high,
 Kindle prodigious Light'nings, and command
 The burning Flashes with a daring Hand,

I'll

I'll then confess thou hast an Arm like me,
And that thy one Right Hand can succour
thee.



H Y M N.

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, &c.
Psal. 73. 25.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

THE Calls of Glory, Beauties Smiles,
And Charms of Harmony,
Are all but dull insipid Things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

Without thy Love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy,
The profer'd World I shou'd neglect
As an unenvied Toy.

III.

The Sun, the num'rous Stars, and all
The Wonders of the Skies,

If to be purchas'd with thy Smiles
Thou know'st I wou'd despise.

IV.

What were the Earth, the Sun, the Stars,
Or Heav'n it self, to me,
My Life, my everlasting Bliss,
If not secur'd of thee.

V.

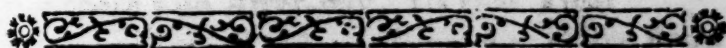
Celestial Bow'rs, Seraphick Songs,
And Fields of endless Light,
Wou'd all unentertaining Prove
Without thy Blissful Sight.



By an unknown Hand.

I Come, I come, and joyfully obey
The Fatal Voice that summons me away :
With Pleasure I resign this mortal Breath ,
And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death.
O welcome Stroke that gives me Liberty !
Welcome as to the Slave a Jubilee.
Of the vain World I take my last Adieu,
The promis'd Land is now within my View ;
The Clouds dispel, the stormy Danger's past
And I attain the peaceful Shores at last.
My Hopes dear Objects now are all in Sight,
The Lands of Love, and unexhausted Light,
The

The flowing Streams of Joy, and endless Bliss
The shining Plains, and Walks of Paradise,
The Trees of Life, Immortal Fruits and Flowers,
The tall celestial Groves, and charming Bowers.
I breathe the balmy Empirean Air,
The Songs of Angels, and their Harps, I hear }
And scarce the fierce tyrannick Joy can bear }



HYMN.

I.

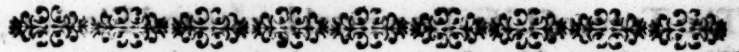
Immortal Fountain of my Life,
My last, my noblest, End.
Eternal Centre of my Soul,
Where all its Motions tend.

II.

Thou Object of my dearest Love,
My Heav'nly Paradise,
The Spring of all my flowing Joys,
My everlasting Bliss.

III.

My God, my Hope, my vast Reward,
And all I wou'd possess,
Still more than these pathetick Names
And charming Words express!



Thoughts on DEATH.

By a Young Lady.

I.

I'M almost to the Fatal Period come,
My forward Glass has well nigh run its last;
E'er a few Moments I must hear the Doom,
Which ne'er will be recall'd when once 'tis
past.

II.

Methinks I have Eternity in View,
And dread to reach the Edges of the Shore,
Nor doth the Prospect the less dismal shew
For all the Thousands that have launch'd be-
fore.

III.

Why weep, my Friends? What is their Loss to
mine?

I have but one poor doubtful Stake to throw
And with a dying Pray'r my Hopes resign,
If that be lost, I'm lost for ever too.

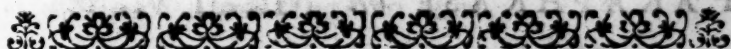
IV. 'Tis

IV.

Tis not the painful Agonies of Death,
Nor all the gloomy Horrors of the Grave?
Were that the worst, unmov'd I'd yield my Breath,
And with a Smile the King of Terrors brave.

V.

But there's an After-day, 'tis that I fear :
Oh, who shall hide me from that angry Brow ?
Already I the dreadful Accents hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.



PARAPHRASE *on* Cant. vii. 11.

By the same Hand.

I.

Come, thou most charming Object of my
Love,

What's all this dull Society to us ?
Let's to the peaceful Shades and Springs remove,
I'm here uneasy, tho' I linger thus.

II.

What are the Trifles that I leave behind ?
I've more than all the valu'd World in thee,

Where all my Joys and Wishes are confin'd,
Thour't Day, and Life, and Heav'n it self
to me.

III.

Come, my Beloved, then let us repair
To those blest Seats where we'll our Flames
improve,
Oh, with what Heat shall I caress thee there !
And in sweet Transports give up all my Love.



PARAPHRASE on Micah vi. 6, 7.

By the same Hand.

I.

WHerewith shall I approach this awful Lord?
What shall I bring ?
What Sacrifice
Will not so great a Deity despise ?
Tell me you lofty Spirits that fall down,
The nearest to his Throne,
O tell me how,
Or wherewithal shall I before my own and
your dread Maker bow ?
Will *Carmel's* verdant Top afford.
No equal Offering ?
Ten Thousand Rams : A bounteous Present
'tis,

When

When all the Flocks upon a Thousand spacious
Hills are his,
Will Streams of Fragrant Oil his Wrath
controul?
Or the more precious Flood
Of my dear First-born's Blood,
Compound for all my Debts, and make a full A-
tonement for my Soul?

II.

If not, Great God, what then dost thou require?
Or what wilt thou design to accept from me?
All that my own thou giv'st me leave to call
I willingly agen resign to thee,
My Youth, with all its blooming Heat,
My Muse, and ev'ry raptur'd Thought to thee I
dedicate.

'Tis fit the Product of that Sacred Fire
Shou'd to its own Celestial Orb retire,
And all my darling Vanities
For thee I'll sacrifice:
My fav'rite Vice and all,
Among the rest promiscuously shall fall?
No more the fond Beloved Sin I'll spare,
Than the great Patriarch wou'd have done his
Heir.

And this, Great God, altho' a worthless Prize,
Is a sincere, entire, and early, Sacrifice.



DIALOGUE between a good Spirit
newly parted from the Body, and
the Angels that came to conduct
him to Glory.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

Spirit.

— **A**T length the dismal Strife is past,
The cruel Bond dissolv'd that held
me back so fast.

I felt when first the curdling Blood grew cold,
And rapid Wheels of Life no longer rould?
With Joy I felt all this, with Joy resign'd
My vital Breath, and left the Flesh behind:
Long, long I struggled with my mortal Chain,
Long bore the double Load of Sin and Pain?
Long sigh'd and wish'd for this auspicious Day,
And wonder'd at the Moments dull Delay.
Wide was the Gulf, and Deep, but now I'mo'er,
Am landed safe on the Eternal Shore.
Welcome for ever then this happy Change,
Welcome the charming Paths I now shall range;
Welcome first Dawnings of Immortal Light,
Welcome ye glorious Beings to my Sight,

Angels.

Angels.

And Welcome, Welcome, to our peaceful Arms;
We come to guard thee from all future Harms;
From Heav'n's high Court we come—th' Eternal
King,

Whose Will we all obey, and Praises sing,
Sent us thus far, (so Great his Bounty is !)
To waft thee to the Seats of endless Bliss:
This Morn we left his Throne—The conquer'd
Light

Lagg'd dully after, wondring at our Flight.

Spirit.

O Sacred Ministers of Heav'n's Decree !

O you that stream with radiant Majesty!

Why on this Message sent ? Why this Regard
to me ?

Return, return, to Heav'n from whence you
came,

There warble Hymns to the Creator's Name,
Make shining Circles there around his Throne,
'Tis he deserves such Guards, and he alone :

Unworthy I in such a Grace to share ;

Unworthy of your least Regard or Care.

Angels.

Not thy Deserts, but free, unbounded, Love,
Was all the Spring that cou'd thy Maker move.

That

That Love which did at first they Being raise,
 Preserve thy Health, and number out thy Days,
 And all those num'rous ample Gifts bestow
 While yet a Tenant of the World below ?
 That Love which sent his Dear and Only Son
 To Ransom thee, and all Mankind, undone;
 Sent him to feel th' Extreame of Misery,
 To want, to mourn, be tortur'd, bleed and die;
 Which shelter'd thee from th' avenging Stroke,
 And Hell's Eternal Chain asunder broke:
 Which Heav'n's Immortal Doors set open wide,
 And did in shining Paths of Virtue guide;
 Ev'n that now sends us forth to lead the Way
 To the bright Regions of Celestial Day.

Nor come we only for Solemnity,
 To make a pompous Progress thro' the Sky :
 Thou need'st these Rays, thou need'st these
 potent Arms,
 To guide and guard thee from surrounding
 Harms ;

For long's the Way, and vast, thou art to
 steer,
 No Land-marks there, nor beaten Roads appear
 Ten Thousand, Thousand, Thousand, Leagues,
 and more,
 Thou must thro' Fields of trackless Æther soar,
 And here thou'lt pass th' inhospitable Plains,
 Where Night in everlasting Silence reigns,
 Where

Where no Glad Rays do e'er the Gloom adorn,
Save what by us are in our Passage worn:
There mighty Orbs will roul across the Skies,
And Comets of prodigious Form and Size,
Myriads of Starry Worlds surprize thy Sight
With Blazes of unsufferable Light.

Thus then by Turns thou'lt need our pow'r-
ful Aid,
Our Rays to Light, and spreading Wings to
Shade.

Besides——Apostate Angels in thy Way,
More thick than falling Leaves of Autumn
stray ;

These, were we absent, tho' they can't destroy,
In spite would all their hellish Arts annoy :
Some drest in hideous Shapes, wou'd stalk be-
fore,

Some dog it after with infernal Roar ;
Some Icy Hills along thy Passage strow,
Some make thro' Pitchy Clouds red Light-
'ning glow,

Some Thunder from above, some from below,
And when these frightful Methods don't avail,
Nor shock thy Peace, nor make thy Courage fail,
They'll next with tender , flatt'ring Charms
amuse,

And all their soft enticing Arts will use ;

Will

114 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Will seem like us, Celestial Angels fair ;
 Such their Proportion, such their Mien and Air,
 In all the Bloom of Heav'nly Youth appear,
 And with melodious Sounds invite thy Ear :
 Here warbl'ing Birds will softly hover round,
 While Silver Fountains murmur to their Sound :
 There flow'ry Fields their Fragrancy dispense,
 And with Ten Thousand Beauties court thy
 Sense.

These Arts, and more, if found alone, they'll
 try

To curb thy soaring Flight, and stain thy Piety.
 But at our Sight they feel a trembling Awe,
 Run howling o'er the Waste, and to their Dens
 withdraw.

Nor think we such a Charge as this disdain,
 And undergo the humble Task with Pain.
 For ev'ry Part of the Almighty's Will,
 With eager Joy, with Raptures, we fulfil ;
 But Love it self's a pow'rful Motive here,
 Love makes thee to these Eyes, these Arms
 most dear.

Let's then ascend—And thus we spread our
 Wings,

And thus we soar—Adieu to earthly Things.

Spirit.

Adieu, adieu, with Joy, dear Guides I go ;
 Adieu the nauseous Sink of Sin and Woe.

No

No more shall I those dismal Prospects view,
Which did each Day my bitter Grievs renew.
No more behold the Persecutors Rage,
Nor all the monstrous Vices of the Age.
In *Mesech's* cursed Tents no more shall dwell,
No more be tortur'd with the Sons of Hell.
No more shall Sin's foul Stains pollute my Soul,
Nor earthly Cares my better Part controul.
No more shall bear Diseases cruel Smart,
Nor feel Death's Fatal Arrows wound my Heart

Angels.
No, happy Soul, thy Tragick Part is o'er,
Thy Sorrows all are fled, thy Dangers are no more.
Pure Love, triumphant Peace, and high Renown
Shall float around thee now, and all thy Labours
crown.

Happy the Day that saw thee leave thy Sin,
And bravely Vertue's shining Race begin.
That saw thee hearken to the Voice of God,
His Laws obey, and tremble at his Rod.
Saw thee dissolve before his flaming Love,
And towards his awful Throne in holy Breath-
ings move.

O had'st thou still thy darling Vice pursu'd,
And still been like thy Tempters, Vain and
Lewd,
How wretched now had been thy certain Fate!
And in what Floods of Tears woud'st thou repent
too late?

Thou

Thou must, for these kind Looks and Arms of
 ours
 Have felt the Fury of Infernal Pow'rs,
 To Hell's dark Prison in their Paws been
 drawn,
 Where Goblins stalk, Snakes hiss, and Monsters
 yawn;
 Where roaring Flames, and Shrieks of those in
 Pains,
 Mix with the Yells of Fiends, and Clinks of
 Chains;
 Where no bright Morn displays a chearful
 Face,
 But crouding Horrors fill the gloomy Space,
 And num'rous dreadful Woes all Joys for ever
 chase,
 But now thou'rt safe---and now to Heav'n we
 go,
 To Heav'n, where Ties of endless Glory
 flow,
 And Light's diffusive Rays no Limits know :
 Where Scenes of Bliss, and charming Wonders,
 dwell,
 Wonders too big for Angels Tongues to tell !
 There sits th' Almighty thron'd in awful
 State,
 As kind as High, as Good as he is Great ;
 From thence his Eyes remotest Cornes pierce,
 And range thro' all the spacious Universe,

From

From thence he scatters Blessings, and from
thence

Does Sov'reign Rule to num'rous Worlds dis-
pence,

While meanest Creatures feel his chearing In-
fluence.

Immortal Beams his dazling Throne surround,
And in his Presence all Delights abound.

Seraph, and Cherub, bow before his Seat,
And Everlasting Songs of Praise repeat:

Down prostrate at his Feet themselves they lay,
His mighty Name adore, and dread Commands
obey.

These, and the Saints, shall thy Compani-
ons be,

The Saints, from all their Imperfections Free,
And grac'd with Knowledge, Love, and Piety.

We all are there array'd in Heav'nly Light,
And all in strictest Bonds of Love unite.

And jointly all with rapt'rous Ardour sing
Glad Hallelujahs to th' Eternal King.

There too thou shalt thy Kind Redemer see,
Who scorn'd his State, and left all Heav'n for
thee;

Shalt feel the Transports of his charming Face,
And dwell for ever in his Dear Embrace.

Thy Pious Friends who fought with Vice below,
And stood the Torrent till Death's Fatal Blow,

In

In these blest Mansions thou agen shalt find
More Pure, more Wise, more Generous and
Kind.

Thy Dear *Palemon*, Dearer than thy Soul,
Whose mighty Loss thou did'st so long condole,
Who with thee joy'd to run the glorious Race,
With equal Love, and with an equal Pace,
Shall thee agen with soft Caresses meet,
And in loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet;
You both shall now your Sacred Flames improve
Shall both dissolve in pure Empireal Love,
For ever both in these bright Realms remain,
In Joys be delug'd, and in Glory reign.



PARAPHRASE *on* Malachi iii.

By a young Lady.

IN vain ye murmur; we have serv'd the
Lord;
As vainly list'ned to his flatt'ring Word;
He has forgot, or spake not as he meant,
Else why are we thus idly penitent?
Ye call the Haughty, Blest, erecting those
That dare my Judgments impiously oppose,
And own, nay, almost boast, themselves my
Foes:

Whose

Whose Crimes wou'd, were I not a God, command

The flaming Bolts from my unwilling Hand.

Then they that fear'd my great and awful
Name,

The only few that dar'd oppose the Stream,
Unmov'd, against the vulgar Torrent stood,
In spite of Numbers resolutely Good;
Not taxing with undecent Insolence
The dark Enigma's of my Providence;
But saw me still illustrious thro' the same,
And lov'd, and spake, spake often of my Name.

As oft I closely listned, nor shall they
Pass unrewarded at the last great Day;
When all their Pious Services I'll own,
For in my Records I shall find them down.

Their Brows I'll crown with Wreaths of Vi-
ctory,

Whilst Men and Angels stand Spectators by:
Aloud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,
And 'mongst my brightest Treasures they shall
shine;

Their Frailty with more Tenderness than e'er
A Father did his only Sons, I'll spare;

And then, — but oh! too late, you'll find it
then,

Who were the Wise, the only Thinking Men:

Then

Then you shall nothing but Derision meet,
Whilſt Angels them with loud Applauſes greet.



The MEDITATION.

I.

IT muſt be done, my Soul, but 'tis a
ſtrange,

A diſmal, and myſterious Change !
When thou ſhalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown Somewhere wing away,
When Time ſhall be Eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'ſt not what, and live thou
know'ſt not how.

II.

Amazing State! No Wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the Dead;
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Shades, as if to thee
Our very Knowledge had Antipathy:
Death could not a more ſad Retinue find,
Sickneſs and Pain before, and Darkneſs all be-
hind.

III.

Some courteous Ghoſt tell this great Secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we muſt be.

You

You warn us of approaching Death, and
why?

May we not know from you what 'tis to die?
But you having shot the Gulph, delight to see
Succeeding Souls plunge in with like Uncer-
tainty.

IV.

When Life's close Knot by Writ, from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or Age untye,
When after some Delays, some dying Strife,
The Soul stands shivering on the Ridge of Life,
With what a dreadful Curiosity
Does she launch out into the Sea of vast Eternity.

V.

So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
And lower Holds could save no more,
On th' utmost Boughs th' astonish'd Sinners
stood,
And view'd th' Advances of th' incroaching
Flood;
Oe'r-topp'd at length by th' Elements Increase,
With Horror they resign'd to the untry'd Abyfs.





*The LXIII^d Chapter of ISAIAH
Paraphras'd to the Sixth
Verse.*

A Pindarick ODE.

I.

STrange Scene of Glory ! Am I well awake ?
Or is't my Fancy's wild Mistake ?

It cannot be a Dream, bright Beams of Light,
Flow from the Vision's Face, and pierce my
tender Sight.

No common Vision this, I see
Some Marks of more than humane Majesty.

Who is this mighty Hero ? Who ?

With Glories round his Head, and Terror in
his Brow ?

From *Bozrah* lo he comes, a Scarlet Dye
O'er spreads his Cloaths, and does outvie
The Blushes of the Morning Sky. }

Triumphant and Victorious he appears.

And Honour in his Looks and Habit wears.

How strong he treads ? How stately does he go ?

Pompous and Solemn in his Pace,

And full of Majesty, as is his Face.

Who

Who is this mighty Hero ? Who ?
'Tis I, who to my Promise Faithful stand ;
I who the Powers of Death, Hell and the Grave
Have foil'd with this All-conquering Hand ;
I, who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

II.

Why wear'st thou then this Scarlet Dye ?
Say mighty Hero, why ?
Why do thy Garments look all Red,
Like them that in the Wine-press tread ?
The Wine-press I alone have trod,
That vast unweildly Frame which long did stand
Unmov'd, and which no mortal Force could
e'er command ;
That pond'rous Mass I ply'd alone,
And with me to assist were none.
A mighty Task it was, Worthy the Son of God,
Angels stood trembling at thy dreadful Sight,
Concern'd with what Success I should go thro'
The Work I undertook to do ;
Enrag'd I put forth all my Might,
And down the Engine press'd, the violent Force
Disturb'd the Universe, put Nature out of Course :
The Blood gush'd out in Streams and chequer'd
o'er
My Garments with its deepest Gore,
With ornamental Drops bedeck'd I stood,
And writ my Victory with my Enemies Blood.

III.

The Day, the Signal Day, is come,
 When of my Enemies I must Vengeance take ;
 The Day when Death shall have its Doom,
 And the dark Kingdom with its Powers shall
 shake.

Fate in her Kalendar mark'd out this Day with
 Red,

She folded down the Iron Leaf, and thus she said:
 This Day, if ought I can divine be true,
 Shall for a Signal Victory
 Be celebrated to Posterity :

Then shall the Prince of Light descend,
 And rescue Mortals from th' Infernal Fiend,
 Break through his strongest Forts, and all his
 Hosts subdue.

This said, she shut the *Adamantine* Volume close,
 And wish'd she might the crowding Years trans-
 pose ;

So much she long'd to have the Scene display,
 And see the vast Event of this important Day.
 And now in midst of the revolving Years,
 This great, this mighty one appears :

The Faithful Traveller, the Sun,
 Has number'd out the Days, and the set Period
 run :

I look'd, and to assist was none.

My Angelick Guards stood trembling by,
But durst not venture nigh.
In vain too from my Father did I look
For Help, my Father me forsook:
Amaz'd I was to see
How all deserted me;
I took my Fury for my sole Support,
And with my single Arm the Conquest won;
Loud Acclamations fill'd all Heaven's Court;
The Hymning Guards above,
Strain'd to an higher Pitch of Joy and Love,
The great *Jehovah* prais'd, and his victorious Son.



The ELEVATION.

I.

TAke Wing, my Soul, and upwards bend
thy Flight,
To thy originary Fields of Light.
Here's nothing, nothing, here below
That can deserve thy longer Stay;
A secret Whisper bids thee go
To purer Air and Beams of native Day.
Th' Ambition of the tow'ring Lark outvie,
And like him sing as thou dost upward fly.

II.

How all things lessen which my Soul before
Did with the grov'ling Multitude adore!
Those Pageant Glories disappear,
Which charm and dazle Mortals Eyes;
How do I in this higher Sphere,
How do I Mortals with their Joys despise?
Pure uncorrupted Elements I breathe,
And pity their gross Atmosphere beneath.

III.

How Vile, how Sordid, here those Trifles shew,
That place the Tenants of that Ball below?
But ha! I've lost the little Sight,
The Scene's remov'd and all I see
Is one confus'd, dark, Mass of Night;
What nothing was, now nothing seems to be.
How Calm this Region, how Serene, how Clear,
Sure I some Strains of Heavenly Musick hear.

IV.

On, on, the Task is easie now and light,
No Steams of Earth can here retard thy Flight:
Thou need'st not now thy Stroaks renew
'Tis but to spread thy Pinions wide,
And thou with ease thy Seat wilt view,
Drawn by the Bent of the Ætherial Tide.

'Tis

'Tis so, I find how sweetly on I move,
Not let by things below, and help'd by those
above.

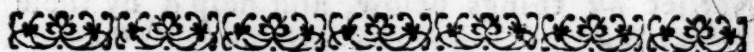
V.

But see to what new Region am I come,
I know it well, it is my native Home.
Here led I once a Life Divine,
Which did all Good, no Evil, know,
Ah! Who would such sweet Bliss resign
For those vain Shews which Fools admire below?
'Tis true, but don't of Folly past complain,
But joy to see those blest Abodes again.

VI.

A good Retrieve? but lo, while thus I speak
With piercing Rays th' Eternal Day does break;
Beauties of the Face Divine
Strike strongly on my feeble Sight,
With what bright Glories does it shine!
'Tis one Immense and Everflowing Light:
Stop here, my Soul, thou canst not fear more Bliss
Nor can thy now rais'd Palate ever relish less.





The CXLVIII PSALM
PARAPHRAS'D.

By the same Author.

I.

O Come let all created Force conspire
A general Hymn of praise to sing,
Joyn all ye Creatures in one Solemn Quire,
And let your Theme be Heaven's Almighty
King.

II.

Begin, ye blest Attendants of his Seat,
Begin your high Seraphick Lays,
'Tis Just you should, your Happiness is great,
And all you are to give again is Praise.

III.

Ye glorious Lamps that rule both Night and Day
Bring you your Hallelujahs too ;
To him that Tribute of Devotion pay
Which once blind Superstition gave to you.

IV. Thou

IV.

Thou First and Fairest of Material Kind,
By whom his other Works we see,
Subtil and Active as pure Thought and Mind,
Praise him that's Elder and more Fair than thee.

V.

Ye Regions of the Air his Praises sing,
And all ye Virgin Waters there,
Do you Advantage to the Confort bring,
And down to us the Hallelujah bear.

VI.

In chanting forth the great *Jehovah's* Praise,
Let these the upper Confort fill;
He spake, and did you all from nothing raise,
As you did then, so now obey his Will.

VII.

His Will that fix'd you in a constant State,
And cut a Track for Nature's Wheel;
Here let it run, said he, and made it Fate;
And where's that Power which can this Law re-
peal?

VIII.

Ye Powers that to th' inferiour World retain,
Joyn you now with the Quire above:
And first, ye Dragons, try an higher Strain,

And turn your angry Hissings into Praise and
Love.

IX.

Let Fire, Hail, Snow and Vapours, that ascend,
Unlock'd by *Phæbus* searching Rays ;
Let Stormy Winds ambitiously contend,
And all their wonted Force employ in Praise.

X.

Ye Sacred Tops which seem to brave the Skies,
Rise higher, and when Men on you
Religious Rites perform, and Sacrifice,
With their Oblations send your Praises too.

XI.

Ye Trees, whose Fruits both Men and Beasts consume,
Be you in Praises Fruitful too ;
Ye Cedars, why have you such choice Perfume ;
But that sweet Incense should be made of you ?

XII.

Ye Beasts, with all the humble creeping Train,
Praise him that made your Lot so high ;
Ye Birds, who in a nobler Province reign,
Send up your Praises higher than you fly.

XIII.

Ye Sacred Heads that wear Imperial Gold,
Praise him that you with Power Arrays :

And

And you whose Hands the Scale of Justice hold,
Be Just in this, and pay your Debt of Praise.

XIV.

Let sprightly Youth give Vigour to the Quire,
Each Sex with one another vie;
Let feeble Age dissolv'd in Praise expire,
And Infants too in Hymns their tender Voices
try.

XV.

Praise him ye Saints who Piety profess,
And at his Altar spend your Days;
Ye Seed of *Israel* your great Patron bless,
'Tis Manna this, for Angels Food is Praise.



The RESIGNATION.

By the same Hand.

I.

Long have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with trembling Hands this bitter
Draught;

'Twas now just to my Lips apply'd,
Nature shrunk back, and all my Courage dy'd;

But now Resolv'd and Firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and held out by thee.

II.

I'll trust my great Physician's Skill;
I know what he prescribes can ne'er be ill:
To each Disease he knows what's fit;
I own him Wise, and Good, and do submit:
I now no longer grieve or pine,
Since 'tis thy Pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.

III.

Thy Med'cine puts me to great Smart,
Thou'st wounded me in my most tender Part:
But 'tis with a Design to cure;
I must and will thy Sovereign Touch endure:
All that I priz'd below is gone;
But yet I still will pray *thy Will be done*.

IV.

Since 'tis thy Sentence I should part
With the most precious Treasure of my Heart,
I freely that and more resign;
My Heart it self, as its Delight, is thine;
My little All I give to thee;
Thou giv'st a greater Gift, thy Son, to me.

V.

He left true Bliss and Joys above,
Himself he emptied of all Good but Love;

For me he freely did forsake
More Good than he from me can ever take;
A mortal Life for a Divine
He took, and did at last ev'n that resign.

VI.

Take all, Great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give;
I hear thy Voice, thou bidst me quit
My Paradice, I bless and do submit;
I will not murmur at thy Word,
Nor beg thy Angel to sheath up his Sword.



The PROSPECT.

By the same Author.

I.

WHat a strange Moment will it be,
My Soul? How full of Curiosity?
When wing'd and ready for thy Eternal Flight,
To th' utmost Edges of thy tottering Clay,
Hovering, and wishing longer Stay,
Thou shalt advance, and have Eternity in Sight
When just about to try that unknown Sea,
What a strange Moment will it be!

II. But

II.

But yet how much more strange that State!
 When loosen'd from th' Embrace of this close
 Mate,
 Thou shalt at once be plung'd in Liberty,
 And move as Swift and Active as a Ray
 Shot from the lucid Spring of Day.
 Thou who just now wast clogg'd with dull Mor-
 tality,
 How wilt thou bear the mighty Change? How
 know
 Whether thou'rt then the same or no?

III.

Then to strange Mansions of the Air,
 And stranger Company, must thou repair;
 What a new Scene of Things will then appear;
 This World thou by degrees was taught to
 know,
 Which lessen'd thy Surprise below
 But Knowledge all at once will overflow the
 there.
 That World, as the first Man did this, thou'lt see
 Ripe grown in full Maturity.

IV.

There with bright Splendours must thou
 dwell,
 And be what only those pure Forms can tell;
 There

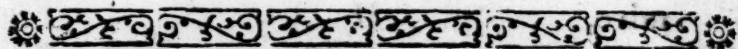
There must thou live awhile, gaze and admire,
'Till the great Angels Trump this Fabrick
shake,
And all the slumbering Dead awake;
Then to thy old forgotten State must thou
retire;
This Union then will be as strange, or more
Than thy new Liberty before.

V.

Now for the greatest Change prepare,
To see the only Great, the only Fair,
Veil now thy feeble Eyes, gaze and be blest;
Here all thy Turns and Revolution cease,
Here's all Serenity and Peace;
Thou'rt to the Centre come, the Native Seat of
Rest
There's now no further Change, nor need there
be
When one shall be Variety.



PSALM



PSALM CXXXVII.

Paraphras'd to the Seventh Verse.

By the same Author.

I.

Beneath a reverend gloomy Shade.
Where *Tygris* and *Euphrates* cut their Way,
With folded Arms and Heads supinely laid,
We sate and wept out all the tedious Day ;
Within its Banks Grief could not be
Contain'd; when, *Sion*, we remember'd thee.

II.

Our Harps, with which we oft had sung
In Solemn Strains the great *Jehovah's* Praise,
Our warbling Harps, upon the Trees we hung,
Too Deep our Grief to hear their pleasing Lays.
Our Harps were sad as well as we,
And tho' by Angels touch'd would yield no Har-
mony.

III.

But they who forc'd us from our Seat,
The happy Land and sweet Abode of Rest,
Had

Had one Way left to be more cruel yet,
And ask'd a Song from Hearts with Grief
opprest;

Let's hear, say they, upon the Lyre,
One of the Anthems of your *Hebrew* Quire.

IV.

How can we frame our Voice to sing
The Hymns of Joy, Festivity, and Praise,
To those who're Aliens to our Heavenly King,
And want a Taste for such exalted Lays?

Our Harps will here refuse to sound;
An Holy Song is due to Holy Ground.

V.

No, Dearest *Sion*, if we can
So far forget thy melancholy State,
As now thou mourn'st, to sing one chearful
Strain,

This Ill be added to our Ebb of Fate,

Let neither Harp nor Voice e'er try
One Hallelujah more, but ever silent lye.





HYMN to the Redeemer of the World.

By Mr. BOWDEN.

I.

Whom shou'd I praise O Christ, but thee?
Whose Praises Angels sing.
Who the Eternal Envoy art
Of the Eternal King.

II.

From Heav'n's High Court thou didst descend;
Love led thee on thy Way:
Thou saw'st Man's fatal Wreck, and lo!
Thy Pity cou'd not stay.

III.

Swift as the Journeys of the Morn
To Earth thou tak'st thy Flight:
A new-born Star attends thy Birth,
And glows with joyful Light.

IV.

Seraph and Cherub hail the News,
Fresh Joys their Heaven improve,

While

While lost in Wonder they reflect
On th' unexampled Love.

V.

In Throngs their lofty Seats they leave,
And humble *Æther* press ;
Look down and view the wondrous Scene.
And as they view they bless.

VI.

To loftier Notes their Harps they raise,
And loftier Hymns rehearse,
While Shepherds leave their Rural Strains
To hear Celestial Verse.

VII.

" Glory to God, is all their Song,
" Glory to God most high,
" All Glory to the Ransomer.
" Of Man's Posterity.

VIII.

Thro' all th' immeasur'd Tricks of Space,
And rowling Orbs on high,
Thro' all the Fields of heav'nly Light,
And Kingdoms of the Sky.

IX.

Down thro' the Hollows of the Earth,
Thro' Hell's extensive Bounds,

And

And all the dismal Vaults below
The Harmony resounds.

X.

With trembling hellish Furies hear
The News of Man's Relief;
It tracks them with redoubled Pains
And more inflames their Grief.

XI.

With hideous Roars they shake all Hell,
And rage in wild Despair,
They bite their everlasting Chains,
And rend their Snaky Hair.

XII.

But O the Joy, the Peace, the Bliss,
The sound to Mortals brings,
It cheers the dismal Gloom and flies
With Raptures on its Wings.

XIII.

Redemption! O the charming News!
From deepest Guilt and Hell.
Redemption! For a trayt'rous World
That freely did rebel.

XIV.

Wondrous Redemption! wondrous Grace!
That does Mankind restore

To all the Joys were lost by Sin,
To all, and vastly more.

XV.

That points the Way, and opens wide
The everlasting Gate,
Allures us with immortal Crowns,
And Robes of heav'nly State.

XVI.

O Action worthy of a God!
O Love beyond Degree!
O Condescension infinite!
O boundless Charity!

XVII.

O! how I'm delug'd o're, and lost,
In this profound Abyfs;
It fills my Head with glorious Scenes,
My Heart with Extasies.

XVIII.

Lord, why to Rebel Man shou'dst thou
Such matchless Favours shew?
Why court the Wretch that shun'd thy Sight,
That fought thy Overthrow?

XIX.

Is it because thou need'st his Aid,
Thou dost his Friendship sue?

Will else thy Bliss be incomplete?
Thy Praises be but few?

XX.

Or wast thou, Lord, compell'd to leave
Thy Triumphs in the Sky?
And range along the horrid Vale
Of Death and Misery?

XXI.

Alas! what Force cou'd Thee compel;
Who art Almighty still?
Who mad'st and rul'st the floating Worlds
According to thy Will?

XXII.

Or, Lord, what Want can'st Thou endure,
Who all Things dost possess?
Whose flowing Glories know no ebb,
No Bounds Thy Happiness?

XXIII.

Ten Thousand Thousand Angel-Troops
Thy Majesty adore:
And with a Word Thou canst create
Ten Thousand Thousand more.

XXIV.

Ev'n these with all their Hymns of Praise
No Profit bring to Thee,

Who only art Thy own Delight,
Thy own Felicity.

XXV.

Why then to Rebel Man should'st Thou
Such matchless Favour shew?
Why court the Wretch that shunn'd thy Sight?
That fought thy Overthrow?

XXVI.

Why; but because, dear Lord, with Thee
Was Mercies boundless Store,
Because Thy Goodness scorn'd Restraint,
And proudly delug'd o're.

XXVII.

'Twas this alone that made Thee leave
Thy glorious State above,
In Manhood veil the God, and part
With all thy Heav'n but Love.

XXVIII.

A Servant's despicable Form
This made Thee gladly wear,
Sleep, Hunger, Thirst, and Cold endure,
And Mocks of Sinners hear.

XXIX.

This led Thee thro' the raging Flames,
And thro' th' impetuous Flood,

With

With dismal Clouds involv'd thy Soul,
And dy'd thy Robes in Blood.

XXX.

The Wine-press of Almighty Wrath
This made Thee freely tread,
With basest Villains chose thy Lot,
And with the silent Dead.

XXXI.

O strange Effect of Saving Love !
What Love does this require ?
How shou'd it melt away thy Soul
In Flames of Am'rous Fire ?

XXXII.

How shou'd thy Mouth be fill'd with Praise ?
What Homage shouldst thou pay
To him who plung'd in Night for Thee,
And turn'd thy Night to Day ?

XXXIII.

O can'st thou see God's darling Son
Forfake his Lofty Throne ?
Forfake his Guards and Glories all
To try the Vast alone ?

XXXIV.

From World to World, from Heav'n to Earth,
Behold him swiftly come,

Behold

Behold him shroud his sacred Form
In *Mary's* Virgin Womb?

XXXV.

Behold the God [O wonder] born!
Behold him bleed and die,
And not by Turns within Thee feel
Th' Extreams of Grief and Joy?

XXXVI.

Of Grief, to think what He endur'd,
Of Joy, and Praise, to see
What mighty Blessings He design'd
In all my Soul for Thee.



The WARNING.

ALL you who leap Religion's sacred Fence,
And hunt th' ignoble Chace of Lust and
Sense,

Whose impious Breast some hellish Fiend inspires!
And Tongues, and Eyes confess adult'rous Fires;
Who down your wretched Souls in Floods of
Wine,

And to the Beast the nobler Man resign:
Who with loud Oaths, and Curses rend the Sky,
And dare immortal Virtue's bright Authority.

H

With

With earnest Speed your darling Vice forego,
 Which else will prove your certain Overthrow.
 For since Heaven's awful King is Just and Pure,
 You must the Lashes of his Wrath endure.
 Must e're 'tis long, to your Confusion, find
 That th' injur'd God is neither Deaf nor Blind.



By Mr. *WESLEY*.

MY Harbingers the seven Archangels bright,
 Hark how their Trumps the guilty World
 affright;

The awful Trump of God! a Call they sound,
 Is heard thro' Nature's universal Round,
 That Signal heard from the dissolving Sky,
 Decrepid Nature lays her down to dye.
 Not so Man's deathless Race, who now revive,
 And must in Joy, or Pain for ever live.
 From long confining Tombs each dusky Guest
 Disturb'd arise, most never more to rest.
 The clustring Atoms, as before they were,
 Together troop, the Earth, the Sea, the Air,
 Give up their Dead, how different all they rise!
 These light and chearful, these behold the Skies
 With Looks adverse, and horrid, how they shine
 All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath Divine!
 Even you fair Star, whose Webs of Light disperse
 Their golden Threads around the Universe,

Loose

Loose from its Centre down Heaven's Hill must
 roll,
 And by its Fall unhinge the stiddy Pole.
 And whilst it hissing in th' Abyfs is found,
 Ten thousand lesser Suns lye scatter'd round.
 The Moon's bright Eye shall dark and blood-shot
 grow,
 Reflecting only Smoak, and Fire below.
 Vast Heaps on Heaps, thick Orbs on Orbs are
 hurl'd,
 Chaos on Chaos, World confus'd with World,
 Huge Spheres so fast each after other roll'd,
 Even boundless space their Ruins scarce will hold.
 If the great Whole's no more from Fate secure,
 What Ravage shall this little part endure?
 This Point in the great Circle as before,
 When by th' impetuous Deluge floated o're,
 The Oceans both of Heaven and Earth did join,
 Both with the Fountains of the Deep combine,
 And Wave did after Wave unweary'd come,
 Sea after Sea from its Hydropick Womb,
 So from the Sources whence that Ruin came
 Delug'd with Seats of Fire, and Waves of Flame.
 As when Heaven's Vengeance on curst *Sodom* fell,
 The World's one Tophet, now one *Etna*, or one
 Hell,
 From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame
 shall flow
 The fiery Worlds above shall meet with this be-
 low,

Hence holy Souls refin'd, and made more bright,
 Shall safe immerge to Worlds of calmer Light,
 Whilst those still stain'd with odious Marks of Sin,
 Must desperate sink, for ever sink therein.
 But first that Doom, which they deserv'd so well,
 They must receive that Sentence, half their Hell.

The Thrones are set, the conscious Angels
 wait,

And turn th' Eternal brazen Leaves of Fate.
 High in the midst shall my Tribunal stand,
 Apostles, Prophets, Saints at my Right Hand:
 Martyrs and Confessors, a glorious Train,
 Now well content to suffer, then to reign;
 Whilst on the Left a dismal gloomy Band
 Of Kings, proud Nobles, factious Commons stand:
 Lewd Priests, Apostate Poets, who disgrace
 Their Character, and stain their *Heaven-born*
 Race.

Lean Hypocrites who by long *Fasts and Prayer,*
Get Damn'd with much of Pains, and much of Care.
 But strange! there will not be an *Atheist* there. } S

All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they're mingled
 seen,

To you I'll with applauding Smiles begin.

Come you by me and my great Father blest,
 Come holy Souls to endless Peace and Rest.

For

For some short Years of Misery and Pain,
In Light, and Joy, for ever with me reign
In that blest Place, before all Worlds prepar'd,
By Heavenly Skill, by Hands Almighty rear'd.
In that bad World your selves you've faithful
shown,

You own'd me there, and you in this I'll own.
Fainting for Hunger me you oft reliev'd,
And burnt with Thirst I your kind Aid receiv'd.
Wide wandring thro' the World, you entertain'd
Half naked, not my Poverty disdain'd,
But careful Cloath'd ; when sick your Help did
lend,

Nay, even imprison'd not forsook your Friend.

With modest Joy in their enlighten'd Eyes,
Thus humbly all the Righteous Host replies :
Thy Mercy not our Merits, Lord, we own
Must place us by thee on thy radiant Throne.
Much of our selves, of Ill our selves we know,
Such Good alas, when did we ever do.

Thus they——thus will again the King rejoin
Those Kindnesses I still accounted mine,
My Friends receiv'd, these I did still record,
And this great Day shall bring their full Reward.

Then to th' Unjust he turns, who trembling
wait
Their too well known intollerable Fate.

Justice unmix'd dwells on his Angry Brow,
 Tho' Mercy only there, and Pardon now.
 (Ah what a Change ! why will they not relent,
 Since now they may ? why will they not repent ?
 Yet, yet, there's Hope, I'll cover all their Sins;
 Then all too late, for thus their Judge begins.)

Go ye accurst, to endless Torment go,
 For such your Choice, to endless Worlds of woe,
 Prepar'd at first for those lost Spirits that fell,
 You shar'd their Crimes, now doom'd to share
 their Hell.

In t'other World unkind your selves you've
 shown ;

Me you disown'd, you now I here disown :
 Fainting for Hunger, me you'd not relieve,
 For Thirst you'd not one Cup of *Water* give,
 When wandring thro' the World ne're enter-
 tain'd,

Half *Naked*, *Poor* and *Mean*, you me disdain'd :
 Or Cloath'd with Stripes, when Sick did Curses
 lend,

For Balm, Imprison'd ; Stones for Bread you send.

With all the haſt of Impudent Deſpair,
 They'll all deny, and ask me when and where ?

To them my Answer like the laſt ſhall be,
 What to my Brethren's done, is done to me.

A Place

A Place there is from Heav'n's sweet Light
debarr'd,
Where dismal Shrieks of guilty Souls are heard :
Loud Yells, deep Groans, thick Stripes, long
clank of Chains,
There solid everlasting Darkness Reigns.
Even that sad Fire, which on the Wretched feeds
(Nor new Supplies of Matter ever needs,)
Lends 'em no Gleam, no comfortable Ray,
But change of Torments, measure Night and Day,
Hither black Fiends shall snatch th' Unjust away. }
And on the Ruins of this flaming Ball,
Tormentors and Tormented both shall fall,
Whilst to th' Abyss on Waves of Sulphur tost
And in that direful Gulph for ever lost.

Not so the Just ; who shall their Lord attend
To Worlds of Joy, shall know no bound, nor end.
A Place there is remov'd far, far away,
From that faint Lamp, that makes this Mortal
Day.

A blissful Place, that knows no Clouds or Night,
But God's high Throne scatters perpetual Light.
There Angels live, there Saints so far resign'd,
Their Bodies scarce less glorious than their Mind.
There true Eternal Friendship all profess,
There in the height of Piety possess }
The Heaven of Heavens, the height of Happiness.

Perfect their Joys, yet still their Joys improve,
 For still the Infinite they see, and love.
 Here shall they enter, here triumphant plac'd,
 Unutterable Bliss for ever taste;
 In mine, and my Great Father's Arms em-
 brac'd.



The Vanity of the WORLD.

By a young Lady.

What if serenely blest, with Calms I swam,
 Pastolus, in thy golden sanded Stream?
 Not all the Wealth, that lavish Chance cou'd
 give,
 My Soul from Death cou'd one short Hour re-
 prieve.
 When from my Heart the wandring Life must
 move,
 No Cordial, all my useless Gold wou'd prove:
 What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide,
 'Twou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the distant
 side?
 Fancy it self 'twou'd tire to plumb th' Abyss,
 If I for an uncertain Lease of this
 Sold the fair Hope of an Eternal Bliss?

What

What if invested with the Royal State
Of darling Queens, ador'd by King's I fate?
Yet when my trembling Soul dislodg'd wou'd
be

No room of State within the Grave for me.

What if my Youth in Wit, and Beauty's Bloom
Shou'd promise many a flattering Year to come;
Tho' Death shou'd pass the beauteous Flou-
risser,

Advancing Time wou'd all its Glories marr.

What if the Muses loudly sang my Fame,
The barren Mountains Ecchoing with my Name,
An envious Puff might blast the rising Pride,
And all its bright conspicuous Lustre hide.

If o'er my Relicks Monuments they raise,
And fill the World with Flattery or Praise,
Oh! what wou'd all avail, if sink I must,
My Soul to endless Shades, my Body to the Dust?





A Prospect of DEATH.

A PINDARIQUE ESSAY.

I.

Since we can die but once, and after Death
 Our State no alteration knows ;
 But, when we have resign'd our Breath,
 Th' immortal Spirit goes
 To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes.
 Wise is that Man who labours to secure
 The mighty and important State ;
 And, by all methods, strives to make
 His passage safe, and his reception sure.
 Merely to die no Man of Reason fears,
 For certainly we must,
 As we are born, return to Dust:
 'Tis the last Point of many lingering Years.
 But whither then we go,
 Whither, we fain wou'd know ;
 But human Understanding cannot show.
 This makes us tremble, and creates
 Strange apprehensions in the Mind ;
 Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates

Concerning what, we living, cannot find.

None know what Death is, but the Dead,
Therefore we all by Nature dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how
to tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And scarce have one black painful hour to live,
No hopes, no prospect of a kind reprieve,
To stop our speedy passage to the Tomb,
How moving, and how mournful is the sight,
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad;
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be
had;

In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing
flight?

Feeble and Languishing in Bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest,
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast:
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat;
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,

156 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.

Our dying Eyes roul heavily about ;

Their Light just going out ;

And for some kind Assistance call,

But Pity, uselefs Pity's all

Our weeping Friends can give,

Or we receive ;

Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are
small.

The Tongue's unable to declare

The Pains, the Griefs, the Miseries we bear ;

How insupportable our Torments are.

Musick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,

Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears ;

But all is melancholly, all is sad.

In Robes of deepest Mourning clad:

For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sence

Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are sensible, too late,

'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great :

For all the fulsome Pride, and Pageantry of State

No consolation brings.

Riches and Honours, then are uselefs things,

Tastlefs, or bitter all ;

And, like the Book which the Apostle eat,

To the ill-judging Palate sweet,

But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear

But

But their remembrance of good Actions past,
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last ;
And makes pale Death less terrible appear ;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our
Fear.

In the dark Anti-Chambers of the Grave,
What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,
All that our Cares, and Industry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd,
Cou'd we recall those fatal Hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease ;
For then they urge our Terrors, and increase
our Pain.

V.

Our Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in Tears to see us die :
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity.

In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
They pity our deplorable Estate,
But what, alas, can pity do,
To soften the decrees of Fate !

Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
All their Endeavours to preserve our
Breath,
Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of Death.

Mournful

Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed,
 One with officious haste
 Brings us a Cordial, we want Sence to taste :
 Another softly raises up our Head ;
 This wipes away the Sweat, that, sighing cries
 See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies,
 Both Soul and Body undergo !
 His pains no intermission know ;
 For ev'ry gasp of Air he draws, returns in sighs.
 Each wou'd his kind assistance lend
 To serve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend ;
 But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching
 grown,
 Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries adieu,
 Adieu, my Child, now I must follow you.
 Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
 Our Sons, who in their tender Years
 Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
 Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry
 Bless us, O Father ! now before you die ;
 Bless us, and be you blest to all Eternity.
 Our Friend, whom equal to our selves we love,
 Compassionate and kind,
 Cries, will you leave me here behind,
 Without me fly, to the blest Seats above ?
 Without me, did I say, ah no !
 Without thy Friend thou can'st not go,
 For

For tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,
My Soul with thee shall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit company,
Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Skie.
Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy self, shall
be
Incapable to separate
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)
My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend, and
me:

But since it must be so, Farewel
For ever! No; for we shall meet agen,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitless and unequal Strife,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterscarps of Life;
By slow degrees retires toward the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;
Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port.
But Death, whose Arms no Mortal can repel,
A formal Siege disdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the fray,
And in a minute storms the feeble Cittadel.
Sometimes we may capitulate, and he

Pretends

Pretends to make a solid Peace,
 But 'tis all sham, all artifice ;
 That we may negligent and careless be :
 For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,
 And we believe no danger near,
 But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
 His Troops return some unsuspected way ;
 While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lye,
 The secret Murd'ers stab us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our first Parents Fall,
 Inevitable Death descends on all,
 A Portion none of human Race can miss,
 But that which makes it sweet, or bitter, is
 The fears of Misery, or certain hopes of Bliss :
 For when the Impenitent and Wicked die,
 Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
 If any Sense at that sad time remains,
 They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains,
 The Earnest of that vast stupendious Woe,
 Which they to all Eternity must undergo ;
 Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.
 Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
 Like rav'nous Wolves, to seize upon the Prey,
 And hurry the departed Souls away
 To the dark Receptracles of Despair ;
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous
 Day,
 When the loud Trump shall call them to appear
 Before

Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe :
By whose just Sentence they must go
To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe.

IX.

But the good Man, whose Soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly stains of Lust, and Villany,
Of Mercy, and of Pardon sure ;
Looks thro' the Darkness of the gloomy
Night,
And sees the dawning of a glorious Day ;
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey
His Soul, whene'er she takes her flight,
To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light.
Then the Celestial Guards around him stand,
Nor suffer the black Dæmons of the Air
T' oppose this Passage to the promis'd Land ;
Or terrifie his Thoughts with wild Despair ;
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
His Prayer, his Charity, his Virtues press,
To plead for Mercy, when he wants it most ;
Not one of all the happy Number's lost ;
And those bright Advocates ne'er want Suc-
cess.
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
She passes up in Triumph thro' the Skie ;
Where she's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who with a Celestial Song
Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

X. If

X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,
 When or how soon we cannot know,
 But late or early, we are sure to go ;
 In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age ;
 We cannot take too sedulous a Care,
 In this important, grand Affair.

For as we die, we must remain,
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
 To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return
 again.

The Heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd

No future Misery cou'd be prepar'd,
 For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good ;

But, if there was a State of rest,
 They shou'd with the same Happiness be blest,
 As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, poss-
 sess.

We have the promise of Eternal Truth,
 Those who live well, and Pious Paths pursue,
 To Man, and to their Maker true,
 Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
 Can never miss

Their way to everlasting Bliss :
 But from a World of Misery and Care,
 To Mansions of eternal Ease repair :

Where

Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
No interruption, no cessation knows,
But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes.



The APPEAL.

By an unknown Hand.

I.

TO Thee great Searcher of the Heart
I solemnly Appeal,
Who all the Secrets of my Soul,
And inmost Thoughts canst tell.

II.

Even Thou, th' unerring Judge of all,
Dost my dread Witness prove,
That Thee, beyond what're the World
Can tempt me with, I love.

III.

That Thee, whatever else I miss,
Whatever else I lose,
As my exceeding great Reward,
And highest Bliss I chuse.

IV. Leave

IV.

Leave me of Wealth, of Honour, Friends;
And all Things else bereft.
But of thy Favour, gracious God,
Let me be never left.

V.

Oh hear, and grant thy boundless Love's
Inestimable Store,
And I'll hereafter close my Lips
And never urge Thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content,
But, Lord, of this deny'd,
I shou'd despise the noblest Gift,
Thou cou'dst bestow beside

VII.

Among the brightest Joys of Life.
I shou'd no Pleasure know,
But murm'ring to the fullen Shades
Of endless Night would go.





*Tell me, O thou whom my Soul
loves, where thou feedest,
where thou causest thy Flocks
to rest at Noon, Cant. 1. 7.*

By an unknown Hand.

I.

O Lovelier to my ravish'd Eyes
Than all they ever saw,
Much dearer than the Light I view,
Or vital Breath I draw.

II.

Eternal Treasure of my Heart,
Whom as my Soul I love,
Oh tell me, to what Happy Shades
Thou dost at Noon remove.

III.

Oh tell me where, by Chrystal Streams
Thy Snowy Flocks are led,
And in what fruitful Meadows they
Are by thy Bounty fed.

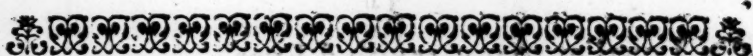
IV. For

IV.

For Thee I languish all the Day,
For Thee I hourly pine,
As Flow'rs that want the chearing Sun
Their Painted Heads decline.

V.

Ah why from my impatient Eyes
Dost thou thy self conceal?
Whilst I in vain in lonely Shades
My restless Pain reveal.



*And tho' after my Skin Worms
destroy this Body, yet in my
Flesh shall I see God, Job
xix. 26.*

By a Young Lady.

I.

WHat tho' my Soul rent from the close Em-
brace
Of this material Comfort, takes her Flight,
(Exil'd the Confines of her Native Place)
And leave these Eyes clos'd in a dismal Night?
She

She shall agen resume the dear Abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh I shall behold my God.

II.

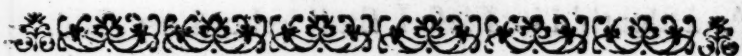
Tho' in the gloomy Regions of the Grave
Forgotten, and insensible I lye,
That tedious Night shall a bright Morning have,
The welcome Dawnings of Eternity.
My Soul shall then resume Her old Abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh, I shall behold my God.

III.

Altho', resolv'd into my native Dust,
Its proper part, each Element resign:
Yet at my awful Maker's Breath they must
Agen the num'rous Particles refine:
And then my Soul shall take Her old Abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh I shall behold my God.



HYMN.



H Y M N.

I.

HOW shall I sing that Majesty
Which Angel-Hosts admire?
Let Dust in Dust and Silence lye,
Sing, sing ye heav'nly Quire.

II.

Thousands of Thousands stand around
Thy Throne, O God most High,
Ten thousand times ten thousand sound
Thy Praise, but who am I?

III.

Thy brightest Rays to them appear,
While I thy Footsteps trace,
A sound of God strikes on my Ear,
But they behold thy Face.

IV.

They sing because thou art their Sun ;
Lord, dart a Beam on me ;
For where Heav'n is but once begun
There Hallelujahs be.

V.

Enlighten and enflame my Heart
With Loves most Sacred Fire,
Then shall I sing, and bear a part
With thy Celestial Quire.

VI.

How great a Being, Lord, is thine,
Which doth all Beings keep !
Thy Knowledge is the only Line
To Sound so vast a Deep.

VII.

Thou art a Sea without a Shore,
A Sun without a Sphere,
Thy Time is now and evermore,
Thy Place is ev'ry where.

VIII.

How good art thou, whose Goodness is
My Parent, Nurse and Guide?
Whose Streams do Water *Paradise*,
And all the World beside.

IX.

Thy mighty Arm, O mighty King!
Both Rocks and Hearts can break ;
My God, thou canst do ev'ry thing
But what wou'd shew Thee Weak.

I

X. Who

X.

Who wou'd not fear thy searching Eye,
 Witness to all we do?
 Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisy
 Lye open to thy View.

XI.

Thy wise and bounteous Works, and Ends,
 O may we still admire.
 Creation all our Wit transcends,
 Redemption rises higher.

XII.

How pure, and holy are thine Eyes?
 How holy is thy Name!
 Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
 Thy Holiness proclaim.

XIII.

Thy wondrous Mercies out-stretch'd Rays
 Shine gloriously to All.
 For this thy Creatures Love, and Praise,
 And thee their Father Call.

XIV.

Thy hinder Parts, O God of Grace!
 We only here adore;
 Display the Glory of thy Face,
 That we may praise thee more.

XV. And

XV.

And since none see this Sight and live.
For me to die is best ;
Thro' *Jordan's* Streams, who wou'd not dive,
To land at *Canaan's* Rest ?



H Y M N

I.

W H E N Man in Sin's wild Maze was lost,
And on impetuous Billows tost.
While Hope and Help all Aid denies,
Lo ! God his vast Compassion shews,
His dear, and only Son bestows
Who for our Safety freely dies.

II.

O Heighth ! O Length ! O Breadth ! O Deep !
What Love with thine can Measures keep ?
Love ! that from Glory Jesus brought :
That plung'd him deep, in Sorrows Flood,
That peirc'd his Soul, and drein'd his Blood,
O Love transcending Angels Thought !

III.

O may at length my willing Breast
Be all with Love of thee possess'd,
Be all inflam'd with heav'nly Fire;
May I thy praise, in Raptures sing,
Thy boundless Praise, my God, my King!
And thee, and only thee admire.



H Y M N.

I.

THou, Lord, who rais'd'st Heav'n and Earth,
Dost make the Building stand:
The pond'rous Weight does wholly rest
On thy Almighty Hand.

II.

Should'st thou one Moment, Lord, with-draw,
The Earth wou'd leave its Place,
The num'rous shining Orbs on high
Resign to empty Space,

III.

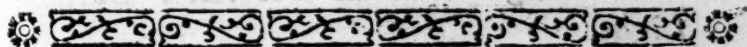
Thou needest none to sing thy Praise,
As if thy Joy cou'd fade,

Could'st

Could'st thou have needed any Thing,
Thou nothing could'st have made !

IV.

Lord, what is Man ! that Child of Pride,
Who boasts his high Degree ?
If but one Instant thou him leave
He sinks, and where is he ?



In Praise of VIRTUE.

By Mr. TATE.

O For a Quill drawn from an Angel's *Wing* !
O for a Master Seraph's Voice to sing !
A Subject worthy of Seraphick Lays,
'Tis Virtue, bright celestial Virtue's Praise !
Virtue beyond compare, by all allow'd
The fair'st Beauty, and the best endow'd.
For what Imperial Dame like her can say
I've Wealth can ne'er be lost, and Charms will
ne'er decay ?

An *Eden* when unfading Pleasures grow,
And Joys pure Streams uninterrupted flow.

Not so, when Vice does her feign'd Smiles
display,
That *Dalilah's* Caresses to betray.

Virtue's alone the chaste and real Friend
On whom th' enamour'd Soul securely can depend.

She Steel has prov'd, throughout the tedious
Stage

Of mortal Life, and dang'rous Pilgrimage,
To all who on her Conduct have rely'd,
The best Companion, and most faithful Guide.
Our shadowing Cloud in Fortune's Darling
Light,

Our shining Pillar in Affliction's Night.
Our Heav'nly *Manna*, when for Food distress'd,
Our Fountain, when with scorching Thirst oppress'd.

She makes our WilderNESS all blooming Gay,
And scatters Roses in the Desert Way.
The very Thorns that make her Trav'lers
bleed,

Are but Remembrancers to mend their Speed;
Lest too much Ease their farther Care disband,
And they stop short, short of the promis'd Land.
Ev'n am'rous Youth with her securely steer,
Where *Sirens* deck'd in all there Charms appear,
Of *Circe's* Isle the tempting Prospect shun,
When th' unadvis'd to smiling Ruin run.

By her the beauteous Sex are taught to know
Both what to Heav'n, and to themselves they
owe ;

Honour, and spotless Innocence to prize,
Above the Triumphs of their conqu'ring Eyes.

How

How dismal dear the Bargain when they sell
Those Gems for ought that does on Earth
excel,
That, Oh! 'tis Life for Death, and Heav'n for Hell.

But then in largest Streams her Blessings flow,
When Life grown Bankrupt can no more bestow;
She gives what mortal Nature never gave,
Immortal Bliss, and Life beyond the Grave.



The CHARACTER *of* a HAPPY LIFE.

By Sir Henry Wotton.

I.

HOW happy is he born, and taught,
That serveth not another's Will?
Whose Armour is his honest Thought.
And simple Truth his utmost Skill?

II.

Whose Passions not his Masters are,
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for Death;
Unty'd unto the World by Care
Of publick Fame, or private Breath.

I 4

III. Who

III.

Who envies none that Change doth raise,
Nor Vice hath ever understood ;
How deepest Wounds are giv'n by Praise,
Nor Rules of State, but Rules of Good:

IV.

Who hath his Life from Rumors freed,
Whose Conscience is his strong Retreat :-
Whose State can neither Flatt'ers feed,
Nor Ruin make Oppressors great.

V.

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his Grace, than Gifts to lend :
And entertains the harmless Day,
With a Religious Book, or Friend.

VI.

This Man is freed from servile Bands,
Of Hope to rise, or Fear to fall :
Lord of himself, tho' not of Lands,
And having Nothing, yet hath All.



CHRIST'S



CHRIST'S PASSION.

Taken out of a Greek ODE.

I.

ENough, my Muse, of Earthly Things,
And Inspirations but of Wind;
Take up thy Lute and to it bind
Loud, and everlasting Strings;
And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,
The happy mournful Stories,
The lamentable Glories,
Of the great Crucified King.
Mountainous Heap of Wonders! which dost rise
'Till Earth thon joinest with the Skies!
Too large at Bottom, and at Top too high,
To be half seen by mortal Eye.
How shall I grasp this boundless Thing!
What shall I play! What shall I sing!
I'll sing the mighty Riddle of Mysterious Love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed
Saints above,
With all their Comments can explain;
How all the whole World's Life, to die did not
disdain.

II.

I'll sing the searchless Depths of the Compassion
 Divine,
 The Depths unfathom'd yet
 By Reason's Plummet, and the Line of Wit :
 Too light the Plummet, and too short the Line :
 How the Eternal Father did bestow
 His own Eternal Son a Ransom for his Foe :
 I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear
 The Triumph of the buried Conqueror :
 How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
 And the great Slayer, Death, slain by the
 Dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murdered Men the
 Voice,
 Mixt with the Murtherers confused Noise,
 Sound from the Top of *Calvarie*
 My greedy Eyes fly up the Hill and see
 Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the
 three :
 Oh how unlike the Others he,
 Look how he bends his gentle Head with Bles-
 sings from the Tree !
 His gracious Hands ne'er stretcht but to do
 good,
 Are nail'd to the infamous Wood :

And

And sinful Man does fondly bind,
The Arms which he extends t' embrace all hu-
mane Kind.

IV.

Unhappy Man, can'st stand by and see
All this as Patient as he?
Since he thy Sins does bear,
Make thou his Sufferings thy own,
And weep, and sigh, and groan,
And beat thy Breast, and tear
Thy Garments, and thy Hair,
And let thy Grief, and let thy Love
Thro' all thy bleeding Bowels move.
Dost thou not see thy Prince in Purple clad
all o'er?
Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* Shore,
But made at home with richer Gore.
Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn
Thy Thorny Garland by him worn?
Dost thou not see the livid Traces
Of the sharp Scourges rude Embraces?
If yet thou feelest not the Smart
Of Thorns and Scourges in thy Heart,
If yet that be not Crucified.
Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on
his Side.

V.

Open Oh! Open wide the Fountains of thine
 Eyes,
 And let 'em call
 Their Stock of Moisture forth, where'er it lies,
 For this will ask it all.
 'T would all (alafs) too little be,
 Tho' thy Salt Tears came from a Sea;
 Canst thou deny him this, when he
 Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee.
 Take heed; for by his Sides mysterious Flood
 May well be understood.
 That he will still require some Waters to his
 Blood.



Thoughts in SICKNESS.

I.

MY God, my Maker, humbly I adore
 Thy Pow'r and Wisdom in my goodly
 Frame,
 I view the Work, and blefs thy Sacred Name..
 Thou took'st this Body from the common Store;
 A rude, and undigested Mass before:
 And lo! all Art, and Order it became.

II. And

II.

And when thou had'st compleated ev'ry Part,
Had'st taught each Spring, and Wheel their
destin'd Use,

And made a Purple Flood of Vital Juice
Rush thro' the Channels of the Active Heart,
And Life, and Vigor to the Whole impart,
Thou an immortal Soul did'st then infuse.

III.

And both, dear God, are still at thy dispose ;
For as thy awful Word cou'd first unite
Things in their Natures strangely opposite,
So with the same can'st thou dissolve the Close,
And each unto its Native Region goes,
Earth back to Earth, my Soul to Realms of
Light.

IV.

I know thy Providence disposes All ;
I know that whatsoe'er thou dost is best:
O let me then in thy Appointments rest!
Does God pre-order all Things, great and small ?
No Nail, nor dropping Hair without him fall ;
And yet shall any Change my Peace molest ?

V.

If thou hast Business for me here below,
I know thou soon wilt all my Pains expel.

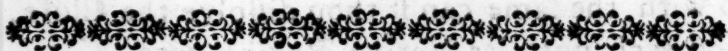
My

My Sickness soon controul, and speak me
well :

If not, why shall I think it hard to go ;
To leave this nauseous World of Sin and Woe ;
And in immortal Joy, and Glory dwell ?

IV.

I will not, no, I will not, Lord, repine,
Tho' now thou please to Summon me away,
To bid me die, and leave this House of Clay :
Thy Pleasure, as 'tis just, shall govern mine,
To thee, the Owner I my All resign :
Command whate'er thou wilt, I chearfully
obey.



The RAPTURE.

By a Young Lady.

I.

Lord ! If one distant Glimpse of Thee
Thus elevate the Soul,
In what a height of Extasy
Do those blest Spirits roll ?

II.

Who by a fixt, Eternal View,
Drink in immortal Rays ;

To

To whom unveiled thou dost shew
Thy Smiles without Allays?

III.

An Object which, if Mortal Eyes
Cou'd make Approaches to,
They'd soon esteem their best lov'd Toys
Not worth one scornful View.

IV.

How then beneath its Load of Flesh
Wou'd the vext Soul complain!
And how the friendly Hand she'd bless,
Wou'd break her hated Chain!



*The CXXXIXth PSALM para-
phras'd to the 14th Verse.*

By Mr. NORRIS.

I.

IN vain great God, in vain I try
T'escape thy quick All-searching Eye,
Thou with one undivided View
Dost look the whole Creation through,

The

The unshap'd Embryo's of my Mind,
 Not yet to Form or Likeness wrought,
 The tender Rudiments of Thought,
 Thou see'st before she can her own Conceptions
 find.

II.

My private Walks to thee are known,
 In Solitude I'm not alone,
 Thou round my Bed a Guard dost keep,
 Thy Eyes are open while mine sleep,
 My softest Whispers reach thy Ear,
 'Tis vain to fancy Secrecy;
 Which way so'er I turn thou'rt there,
 I'm all around beset with thy Immensity.

III.

I can't wade thro' this Deep I find,
 It drowns and swallows up my Mind:
 'Tis like thy immense Deity,
 I cannot fathom that or thee:
 Where then shall I a Refuge find,
 From thy bright Comprehensive Eye?
 Whether, O whether shall I fly!
 What Place is not possess'd with thy All-filling
 Mind!

IV.

If to the Heavenly Orbs I fly
 There is thy Seat of Majesty.

If down to Hell's Abyſs I go,
There I am ſure to meet Thee too.
Shou'd I, with the ſwift Wings of Light,
Seek ſome remote and unknown Land,
Thou ſoon woul'dſt overtake my flight
And all my Motions rule with thy long-reach-
ing Hand.

V.

Shou'd I t'avoid thy piercing Sight,
Retire behind the Skreen of Night,
Thou canſt with one Celeſtial Ray
Diſpel the Shades and make it Day.
Nor need'ſt thou by ſuch *Mediums* ſee,
The Force of thy clear radiant Sight
Depends not on our groſſer Light :
On Light thou ſit'ſt enthron'd, 'tis ever Day
with Thee.

VI.

The Springs which Life and Motion give
Are thine, by thee I move and live ;
My Frame has nothing hid from thee,
Thou know'ſt my whole Anatomy.
T'an Hymn of Praise I'll tune my Lyre :
How amazing is this Work of thine !
With Dread I into my ſelf retire
For tho' the Metal's baſe the Stamp is all Divine.



The CONSUMMATION.

A Pindarick ODE.

By the same Hand.

I.

THE rise of Monarchies, and their long
weighty fall,
My Muse out soars, she proudly leaves behind:
The Pomp of Courts, she leaves our little All,
To be the humble Song of a less reaching Mind.
In vain I curb her tow'ring Flight,
All I can hear present's too small,
She presses on, and now has lost their Sight:
She flies and hastens to relate
The last and dreadful Scene of Fate,
Nature's great Solemn Funeral.
I see the mighty Angel stand
Cloath'd with a Cloud, and Rainbow round his
Head.
His right Foot on the Sea, his other on the Land,
He lifted up his dreadful Arm, and thus he said:
By the Mysterious great Three-One,
Whose

Whose Power we fear, and Truth adore,
I swear the fatal Thread is spun,
Nature shall breath her last, and Time shall be
no more.

The Ancient Stager of the Day
Has run his Minutes out, and number'd all his
way.

The parting *Isthmus* is thrown down,
And all shall now be overflown:
Time shall no more her under Current know,
But one with great Eternity shall grow,
Their Streams shall mix, and in one Circling
Channel flow.

II.

He spake—Fate writ the Sentence with her Iron
Pen,

And mighty Thund'ring said, *Amen.*

What dreadful Sound's this strikes my Ear?

'Tis sure th' Arch-Angels Trump I hear,
Natures great Passing Bell, the only Call,
Of God's, that will be heard by all:

The Universe takes the Alarm, the Sea

Trembles at the great Angel's Sound,
And roars almost as loud as he;
Seeks a new Channel and would fain run under
Ground.

The Earth it self does no less quake
And all throughout down to the Centre shake

The

The Graves unclofe, and the deep Sleepers there
awake.

The Sun's arrested in his way,

He dares not forward go,

But wondring stands at the great Hurry here be-
low.

The Stars forget their Laws, and like loose Pla-
nets stray.

See how the Elements resign

Their numerous Charge, the scatter'd Atoms
home repair,

Some from the Earth, some from the Sea, some
from the Air.

They know the great Alarm,

And in confus'd mixt number swarm.

'Till rang'd and sever'd by the Chymistry Divine.

The Father of Mankind's amaz'd to see

The Globe too narrow for his Progeny:

But 'tis the closing of the Age,

And all the Actors now at once must grace the
Stage.

III.

Now, Muse, exalt thy Wing, be bold and dare,

Fate does a wondrous Scene prepare.

The Central Fire which hitherto did burn

Dull, like a Lamp in a moist clammy Urn,

Tann'd by the Breath Divine begins to glow,

The Fiends are all amaz'd below,

But that will no Confinement know,

Breaks.

Divine HYMNS and POEMS. 189

Breaks thro' its Sacred Fence, and pla- m
free

Than thou with all thy vast Pindarick Liberty.

Nature does sick of a strong Fever lye,

The Fire the *Subterraneous* Vaults does spoil,

The Mountains Sweat, the Sea does boil,

The Sea her mighty Pulse beats high :

The Waves of Fire more proudly rowl,

The Fiends in their deep Caverns howl,

And with the frightful Trumpet mix their hide-
ous Cry.

Now is the Tragick Scene begun,

The Fire in Triumph marches on

The Earth's girt round with Flames, and seem,
another Sun.

IV.

But whither does this lawless Judgment roam?

Must all promiscuously expire

A Sacrifice in *Sodom's* Fire?

Read thy Commission, Fate, sure all are not thy
due,

No, thou must save the Virtuous few.

But where's the Angel Guardian to avert the
Doom,

Lo with a mighty Host he's come !

I see the parted Clouds give way,

I see the Banner of the Cross display.

Death's

Death's Conqueror in Pomp appears,
 In his right Hand a Palm he bears,
 And in his Looks he Sweetness wears.
 Th' illustrious Glory of this Scene
 Does the despairing Saints inspire
 With Joy, with Rapture and Desire.
 Kindles the higher Life, that dormant lay
 within.
 Th' awaken'd Virtue does its Thoughts display,
 Melts and refines their drossy Clay :
 New cast into a pure Etherial Frame.
 They fly, and mount aloft in Vehicles of
 Flame.
 Slack here, my Muse, thy roving Wing,
 And now the World's untun'd, let down thy
 high-set String.



Veni



Veni Creator Spiritus.

Translated into Paraphrase.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

Creator Spirit ! by whose Aid
The World's Foundations first were laid;
Come visit ev'ry pious Mind,
Come pour thy Joys on Human kind,
From Sin and Sorrows set us free,
And make thy Temples worthy thee :

II.

O Source of uncreated Light!
The Father's promis'd *Paraclete* !
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.

III.

Plenteous of Grace descend from high,
Rich in thy Sev'nfold Energy !

Thou

Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
 Whose Power does Heav'n and Earth command;
 Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
 Who dost the Gift of Tongues Dispense,
 And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence.
 Refine, and purge our Earthly Parts,
 But Oh! inflame and fire our Hearts!

IV.

Our Faculties help, and Vice controul,
 Submit the Senses to the Soul,
 And when Rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy Hand and hold 'em down.

V.

Chase from our Mindst' infernal Foe,
 And Peace, the Fruit of Love, bestow;
 And lest our Peace shou'd step astray
 Protect and guide us in the Way.

VI.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,
 And Practise all that we believe,
 Give us thy Self, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

VII.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;

The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.



GOD the Creator, and the
Preserver.

By Mr. DANIEL.

I.

OFFSPRING of Heav'n, Celestial Flame,
I own thy Pow'r, Thou lovely Guest ;
Numbers smooth and soft inspiring,
I bid Thee welcome to my Breast :
Unfold thy rich Harmonious Store,
And to my Mind thy Warmth impart ;
Give me to feel thy pleasing Rage ,
And let thy Sacred Fire distend my Heart.
And thou, my Lyre, resume thy Lays,
And thro' thy painful Silence break,
To sing the Great CREATOR'S Praise ;
'Tis he who calls, my Lyre, Awake :
Proud of the Theme, resume the Lay
For Him, whom Earth and Heav'n obey :

194 *Divine Hymns and Poems.*

Each Note shall bear the hallow'd Name around,
And to Superiour Worlds convey the distant
Sound.

II.

Parent of all Created Things,
From whom this Scene of Nature springs,
To our charm'd Sight thy Pomp display,
Open all thy Heav'n of Day;
Amidst thy shining Guards be shewn
The Glitt'ring Host who grace thy Throne:
For Thee their Golden Lyres they string;
Of Thee in sweetest Numbers sing;
Confess Thee GOD, and hail Thee KING. }

III.

On *ISRAEL*'s Foes to execute thy Rage
Intent, and waiting for thy high Command;
Whether design'd to blast an impious Age,
Or save from Lawless Pow'r a Fav'rite Land:
Mounted on Wings of Winds, they steer their
Course,
And wondrous is their Speed, and wondrous is
their Force.

IV.

All dark as yet, th' unactive Mass
Lay bound in heavy Chains of Sleep,
When big with Life GOD's awful Spirit
Sat brooding o'er the mighty Deep.

Divine HYMNS and POEMS. 195

Let there be Light, He said; and lo,
The nimble Beams the FIAT heard,
Sprang from the Womb of Ancient Night,
And cheerful Light its smiling Visage rear'd:
On Purple Wings it upward flew,
And by his Order fixt on high;
Around its darting Glories threw,
And stain'd the Curtains of the Skie:
Whether it paints the blushing East
With Rose Streaks, or gilds the West:
Not undiscern'd by Him, the Heav'nly Ray,
He saw that it was Good, and blest the Infant
Day.

V.

The vast Apyfs now meets his Eyes,
Where Nature yet in Embrio lies;
Where Tyrants of the boundless Plain,
Chaos and wild Disorder Reign;
The Hot, and Cold, the Moist, the Dry
Blended in vast Confusion lye:
Struggling they bear alternate Sway,
Around in circling Whirlpools play
And win a Momentary Day

IV.

But to his Dread Command Obedient prove,
And now no more for fruitless Empire try;
The various Seeds of future Beings move,
And each to their appointed Stations fly;

K. a

There

There wait his Voice, and at his wondrous Call
Leap sudden into Life, and Form this Beauteous
ALL.

VII.

In the great Lap of Nature laid.
And breaking from its Oozy Bed,
The Huge, the Pondrous Globe of Earth,
Above the Waters rears its Head :
The tall, th' aspiring Mountains rise,
And high in Air their Foreheads show ;
Some their broad Shoulders hide in Clouds,
And proudly cast a length of Shade below.
Beneath the humble Valley lyes,
Where, in their Kinds, the Flocks are seen ;
Where new created Sweets arise,
And with fresh Verdure cloath the Plain.
Swifter than flitting Winds the Roe
Is seen to quit the Mountain's Brow :
He seeks the Stream which living Fountains
yield,
Sweeps o'er the Flow'ry Lawns, and flies along
the Field.

VIII.

The mighty Deep his Eye surveys,
When strait its watry World obeys ;
Here the rough Surges loudly roar.
And in proud Waves insult the Shoar :

There

There softer Rills more easie glide,
And steal adown the Mountain's Side.
Various the winding Rivers pass,
Cooling the sultry Meadow's Face,
And gently roll their floating Glass.

}
}

IX.

Some, where the dreadful Precipice on high
Does to th' affrighted View its Horrors show,
In a white Mist disperst involve the Skie,
And from the Airy Summit plunge below ;
'Then join their scatter'd Streams, and force
their Way,
Rush headlong o'er the Plain, and pour into the
Sea.

X.

See, at his Voice the blooming Spring
In rich Attire the Autumn meets ;
She rivals with her Flow'rs its Fruits.
And boasts a Wilderness of Sweets :
Her lovely Off-spring, Nature's Pride,
Disclose their Beauties all around ;
With Odourscent the Balmy Air,
And with a gay Perfusion strew the Ground.
The Vine in purple Blushes drest,
Close to the Elm, displays her Charms,
Curls her soft Tendrils round his Wast,
And spreads luxuriantly her Arms.

The ripened Grain on rising Fields,
 To Man a pleasing Prospect yields:
 In even Ranks the waving Heads appear,
 Bend with the fruitful Load, and crown the
 lussy Year.

XI.

GOD spake, when strait above the rest
 (Fair Native of the Spicy East)
 A Garden rose, delicious Scene,
 Offloury Walks, and lively Green;
 Whatever Sweets adorn the Woods,
 Paint the Fields, or Grace the Floods,
 All that's Lovely, all that's Fair,
 Form'd by his peculiar Care,
 Unite their Charms, and fix them there.

XII.

On ev'ry Tree the tuneful Choir appears,
 Of warbling Birds which sing their artless Lays,
 First taught by Him to charm the list'ning Ears,
 And pay Him back his Musick in his Praise:
 Such EDEN was, his Fav'rite's soft Abode,
 Rais'd by a Hand Divine, and Worthy of a GOD.

XIII.

Great Nature's watchful Eye, the SUN,
 Hears his Voice, and mounts the Skies,
 Who comb'd his Beamy Locks with Gold,
 And bid the wond'rous Planet rise.

Around

Around his Orb in measur'd Dance
The circling Hours and Months appear;
The swift-wing'd Minutes lightly move,
And mark the Periods of the rolling Year.
When from on high he darts his Fires,
The glowing Breast to transport warms;
Life bounds afresh with soft desires,
And rose Beauty sweetly charms:
His flaming Arrows pierce the Flood,
And to the bottom bake the Mud:
Where e'er he points his Beams gay Landships
rise,
Whilst with his quickning touch he paints them
as he flies.

XIV.

But when he shoots the milder Ray,
And downward drives the falling Day;
Cool Evening now its Beauty rears,
And blushes in its dewy Tears:
The wand'ring Flocks no longer rove,
But seek the covert of the Grove:
The fighting Winds now cease to roar,
The drowsie Ocean storms no more,
But gently dies along the Shore.

XV.

Near to the Margin of some peaceful Flood,
The Nightingal alone in mournful Strains,
Tunes her sweet Chorals to the ecchoing Wood,

And with her various musick fills the Plains :
 Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er Man and Beast,
 The SOUL melts thoughtless down, and softens
 into Rest.

XVI.

The lovely Queen of silent Shades,
 The MOON, in trembling Streams of Light,
 Wheels her pale Chariot slowly on
 O'er the soft Bosom of the Night :
 Millions of bright refulgent Worlds
 Heav'n's glitt'ring Lamps are seen to rise ;
 They as her Virgin Train appear,
 And She the fair Vicegerent of the Skies.
 Each Planet in its rolling Sphere
 Proclaims aloud the SACRED NAME,
 With sounds harmonious charms the Air.
 And speaks the POWER from whence it
 came :
 Here in full blaze they singly shine,
 Whilst some their mingled Beauties join,
 Like a rich Pavement on the face of night
 Burn with promiscuous beams, a Galaxy of
 Light.

XVII.

Whilst wearied Nature sleeps around;
 And Silence broods upon the Ground,
 Fir'd with a painful thirst of Blood
 The gen'rous Lyon seeks his Food :

The.

The trembling Flocks his Rage descry,
And round th' affrighted Shepherd flie;
But where the Herd more careles stray,
With fullen Joy he takes his way,
And leaps at once upon the Prey.

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XVIII.

In vain they struggle with superiour Might,
His fiercest Foes an easie conquest yield:
Till from on high he sees returning Light,
And grieves to quit the Triumphs of the Field;
He roars aloud, he shakes his angry Mane,
Grins back upon the Day, and scours along the
Plain.

XIX.

Lost in an endless Maze of Thought,
What Limits can our wonder keep?
What Tongue can speak? What Heart con-
ceive,
Great GOD, thy Actions in the deep!
High as its frothy Billows rise,
The vast Enquiry lifts the SOUL,
And stretches out the MIND as wide
As fiercest Storms can give its Waves to roll.
When thy Breath heaves the swelling Tides,
And subtle Lightnings round Thee play,
When thy keen wrath in whirlwinds rides,
And in black Clouds involves the Day,

K 5

Thy

202 *Divine* HYMNS and POEMS.

Thy Voice can cause their Rage to cease,
 And speak the Thunder into Peace:
 Thy ANGEL at the word darts swiftly down,
 Bounds lightly o'er the Waves, and bids them
 smoothly run.

XX.

Where mossy Caves the sight surprise,
 And blushing Groves of Coral rise,
 The Fish their various Tribute bring,
 And of the Ocean hail Thee KING:
 To court thy Eye their Revels keep,
 And skim with easie Fins the Deep:
 On Thee they wait with one Accord,
 As form'd by thy ALMIGHTY WORD,
 And in just Praise confess Thee LORD. }

XXI.

Warm'd with the Glories of a smiling Day,
 The wanton Dolphins do each other chace,
 Through the green Waves their silver Scales
 display,
 And swiftly press to win the watry Race:
 Blush'd with immoderate Life, they scorn to
 yield,
 But darting to the Goal, divide the Honours of
 the Field.

XXII. Lo,

XXII.

Lo, the great Monarch of the Floods,
 Leviathan in Pomp appears,
Like some large floating Island moves,
 And his huge Bulk in Triumph rears:
Swiftly th' affrighted Waves divide,
 When thro' the Deep He plows his Way;
In aukward Sport he rolls along,
And from his ample Forehead spouts a Sea.
Pleas'd to observe the Danger nigh,
 He treats with Scorn the hissing Spear,
And mocks the Arrows as they fly,
 As the dull Trump'ry of the War.
What Hand but thine, Great God, could give
 Th' unweildy Mass to move; and live?
Yet He, e'en He, does for his Food resort,
Obedient to thy Call, to grace thy Wat'ry Court

XXIII.

Fond Man shall tempt the stormy Main,
(Oh! whither won't he steer for gain!)
Of present Bliss forego his Hold,
And barter Happiness for Gold.
See the tall Ship with flut'ring Pride
Upon the dancing Billows ride:
When long expected Gales prove kind,
She leaves the less'ning Shore behind,
And gives her Colours to the Wind.

XXIV.

But when the angry Surge begins to rage,
 And thro' the boundless Waste the Tempests
 roar,
 O Gracious GOD, do thou their Wrath assuage,
 And bid the fighting Whirlwinds storm no
 more:
 Let gentle Pity flow within thy Breast;
 Oh cheer his melting Soul, and give the wearied
 Sailor Rest.

XXV.

Fountain of Joy, Eternal Spring,
 From whom our Mortal Beings flow,
 How dost Thou deal thy Good around?
 And blest the Subject World below?
 How shall we clear the large Account?
 We wretched Heaps of Dust and Sin,
 Would we our Gratitude express?
 Where shall our vast Acknowledgments begin?
 When we thy wondrous Work-survey,
 And musing feast our ravish'd Eyes;
 The lovely Scene knows no Decay,
 But inexhausted Beauties rise:
 When thy just Praises claim our Song,
 Expression dies upon the Tongue:
 Too big for Birth, our falt'ring Accents break,
 And Silence must enforce what we want Pow'r
 to speak.

XXVI. Thy

XXVI.

Thy Creatures all expecting stand;
And wait the Bounty of thy Hand;
Whether they haunt the shady Woods;
Graze the Plain, or range the Floods;
Whether of various Kinds the Fowl,
Which row the Lake, or swim the Pool;
Happy by Nature, wild, and free,
Inglorious Chains they chuse to flee;
Full of Life, and full of THEE.

XXVII.

E'en the small Ants do thy Protection share,
By Thee advis'd, to save their Wintry Store;
Their little Commonwealth employs thy Care,
Too wise to want, too frugal to be poor:
Well may they shame the puzzled Schemes of Man,
Since from thy THOUGHT DIVINE they
drew the wondrous Plan.

XXVIII.

In all the radiant Pomp of Heav'n,
Plac'd on thy bright refulgent Throne,
Regard thy *ISRAEL* here below,
And look with soft Compassion down.
And Thou, my SOUL, with strictest Care,
And trembling Awe, his Statutes keep;
Think what thou art, from whom thou cam'st;
Be calmly wise, and let his Thunder sleep.

For

For, oh! should he but once command
 His dreadful Legions to engage,
 Not Worlds can save Thee from his Hand,
 Or dare to skreen Thee from his Rage.
 To the tall Hills wou'dst thou complain,
 To hide thee there, alas! is vain:
 Those everlasting Hills his Rage would flee ;
 Would run about as wild, and prove as weak
 as thee.

XXIX.

When a Cloud thickens on his Brow,
 And rising Storms his Anger show ;
 No more these springing Sweets appear,
 But sudden Winter chills the Year:
 Amazement checks the wond'ring Flood,
 And the MOON blots her Orb with Blood ;
 The SUN no more in Glory burns,
 Each Creature to its Dust returns,
 And Universal Nature mourns.

XXX.

With folded Arms the pensive Gard'ner stands,
 Whilst his destroying Angel taints the Air,
 Which spreads the dire Contagion o'er his
 Lands,
 And nips the Glories of his flow'ry Care:
 On the parch'd Earth their with'ring Beauty
 lies,
 Whilst blasted by his Breath, the fair Creation
 dies.

XXXI.

XXXI.

Hail, Man belov'd, whose shining Forms
 Employ'd thy Makers noblest Care;
 Who shap'd with Art thy tender Limbs,
 And cast thee in a Mould so fair:
 Thy grosser Substance to refine,
 He purg'd the Mass from its Allay;
 Infus'd a quick, immortal Soul,
 And stamp'd his glorious Image on the Clay.
 Canst thou forget the mean Estate
 From which thy humble Lot was ta'en?
 Or him who fix'd thy better Fate,
 And kindly bid thee live and reign?
 What Privilege to thee is giv'n,
 Thou last, thou fav'rite Work of Heav'n!
 With Face erect, to view his bright Abode,
 To learn his righteous Laws, and know him for
 thy GOD.

XXXII.

Those Hls which guilty Sinners dread,
 Shall harmless play around thy Head:
 Why should'st thou fear the Shock to stand,
 When cover'd by thy Maker's Hand?
 He form'd thee free, as freely live;
 Enjoy what Innocence can give:
 For Bliss Supreme thy Taste prepare,
 Within his Bosom lodge thy Care,
 And place thy lov'd *Elizium* there.

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XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Sleep, happy Man, do thou securely rest ;
 Let no dark Thought thy even Mind controul,
 Whilst Virtue reigns the Sov'reign of thy Breast,
 And wisely sways the Motions of thy Soul :
 In a soft Flow thy easie Life shall glide ;
 Heav'n be thy firm Support, and Providence
 thy Guide.

XXXIV.

Hence, ye Prophane, ye empty Names,
 Whose boasted Influence we defy ;
Milcom, and *Astoreth*, and *Baal*,
 Ye idle Rabble of the Sky :
 Pounded to Dust, your Statues fall,
 Your solemn Rites shall sound no more ;
 Your Maker's Maker, as our Lord,
 We own with Transport, and with Pride-adore.
 Ye Angels, praise his sacred Name,
 Ye heard the mighty *Fiat* giv'n ;
 And hail'd the WORD with loud Acclaim,
 Which shook the Battlement of Heav'n :
 Whilst wond'ring Worlds shall catch the
 Sound,
 And waft the hallow'd Notes around ;
 With flying Fingers touch the trembling Lyre,
 Sweet, as what Love Divine, and Gratitude
 inspire.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Whilst fervent Vows from Altars rise,
And Clouds of Incense reach the Skies;
Whilst Nature speaks in ev'ry Part,
And Sense of Duty warms the Heart;
Could'st thou, my Soul, forgetful be?
Silence would be a Crime in thee.
Raise on Devotion's swiftest Wing,
Do thou thy tuneful Tribute bring
To Him, who gave the Muse to sing.

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}

XXXVI.

How vast the Thought? How daring are the
Lays,
Which speak thy Actions to recording Fame?
To sound to list'ning Worlds, Great God! thy
Praise,
Weak is my Force, tho' glorious is my Theme.
Mount, mount, my Soul, in that Etherial Fire
Which burns within my Heart, and never shall
expire.



DEATH's



DEATH'S VISION.

A P O E M.

I.

Some gentle Ghost, that's launch'd and gone
 From Coasts of dull Mortality,
 That's well arriv'd, and entertain'd as one
 Of the triumphant Colony,
 That stocks the Regions of the blest Eternity,
 Come ease my burthen'd Mind, and tell
 What 'tis to bid the World farewell;
 What 'tis to abandon all that's dear,
 My Hopes and Joys below,
 My Friends and Studies too,
 And all my known Converses here.
 Oh! tell what 'tis to take a Flight
 Beyond the Changes of revolving Light,
 To Worlds I never saw,
 Worlds of Wonder, and of Awe,
 Or fill'd with solid Glory, or with solid Night!
 Come, candid Spirit, haste and fly,

And

And (if thou canst declare,
And I the News can bear)
Come, tell me what it is to die.

II.

Oh! say what will become of me,
When Monumental Cold shall seize
This Organized Cask, and freeze
Its active Pow'rs and Faculties!
In what mysterious Plight shall I then be,
When Life's weak Lamp, that now these Years
has shone,
Shall be extinct and gone;
And when the *Primigenial* Fire,
That bad the Pulse keep Time, and beat
And strike the Moments of its Heat,
Shall languish and expire.
When these soft Bellows too, that so
Unweariedly do blow,
Are working Day and Night,
To fan, and to foment the wasting Light,
Shall all unmechaniz'd, and all unactive grow;
Shall all their toilsome Labour spare,
And play no more with swelling Gales of in-
tercurrent Air.
And when the Purple, Vital Flood,
That drives the Wheels, and keeps the Bellows
going,
Always swelling, always blowing,
That never yet has flood;

A meer

A meer *Maotis* shall be found,
 Forget its beaten trace,
 Be weary of its native Pace,
 And run no more its long accustom'd hasty
 Round.

III.

Alas! what shall poor I become,
 When all the Ministers of Sense,
 The Posts of quick Intelligence,
 Shall march no more from home!
 Shall neither tell th' Affairs abroad,
 Nor their Domestick News bring in,
 Being slain upon the Road,
 Dispatch no more Advices to the Mind within.
 When nimble Spies that were
 So ready to detect from far,
 Shall be cashier'd their Office quite.
 No sprightly Images restore,
 And busily converse no more
 With the unnumber'd Offspring of reflected
 Light;
 When the deaf Drum shall not rebound,
 And Trumpet's winding Space
 Shall modulate no more a needful Sound,
 T' allarum or allure the Regent of the Place;
 When the perceptive *Hammer* shall not know
 Its Practice, nor consign prescribed Blow
 Unto the wonted *Anvil* there, and so
 No more shall in the son'rous Forge be coin'd
 The

The airy Medals of a speaking Mind;
When the officious Guards that wait
Their Duty at the Palace-Gate,
Still girt to execute Commands,
Or Embassy to Feet or Hands,
Shall be disbanded from their Coasts,
And hurry'd away from their attended Posts,
Or stupid sink, unable to disclose
Occurring Friends or Foes;
When the rich Palace with its Tower on high
(The Sacred Microcosm's Court,
Where now Ideas of all Qualities resort,)
Shall fall, and in its fatal Ruins lie;
When the bright Regent, scar'd by this Decay,
Shall take her forc'd relenting Flight away,
From her old-tenanted, inhospitable Clay.

IV.

Then in what Shape will Death appear!
What alter'd Apprehensions will he bring?
Death! that has often walk'd so near,
In Grandeur of a proud, remorseless King!
The heft'ring Ghost, at whose black Triumphs
gain'd,

I have so oft been entertain'd;
Whose breathless Trophies, scatter'd all around,
Have so augmented, and enrich'd the Ground?
Dread Heaven's insatiate Minister, that still
Is eager, and impatient to fulfil
His bloody, old Commission, *Slay and Kill!*

That

That has past Ages into Darkneſs hurl'd,
 And ſtill diſpeoples the ſucceeding World;
 Death, the unceſſant Sting, and future Bane
 Of all the galled Guilty and Prophane!
 The undiſturb'd Retreat, th' immortal Eaſe
 Of waſh'd and undefiled Conſciences:
 Sworn Enemy to all that's brave and bright:
 Sole Uſher to the World of Joys and Light.
 Death! the ſtrange Finite, Uncreated Thing,
 The abſolute, the poor, precarious King;
 The potent, metaphyſick Shade, which all
 The Learned will but mere *Privation* call.
 Great Sov'raign! who exalts his Subjects moſt,
 Yet treads them to Silence and to Duſt:
 The legal Monarch, whoſe juſt Pow'r and
 Throne
 Is founded in Unrighteouſneſs alone:
 Whoſe rightful Claims t'oppoſe with ſtiff De-
 fence,
 Is ſacred Duty and Allegiance.
 Thou crafty Foe, whoſe unexampled Pow'r
 Cou'd wound and ſlay ev'n thine own Con-
 queror.
 Tyrannick Fool too, who by haſt'ning ſo
 To lov'd, repeated Victories,
 New Triumphs and Solemnities,
 Art poſting ſtill to thine own Overthrow.
 The greateſt Captive thou cou'd'ſt ever boaſt,
 Whoſe Life in conqu'ring thee was loſt:

Whom

Whom more thy growing Pride oppress,
More bruise'd and mortify'd than all the rest,
Will come ere long, in Grandeur come to see
Himself and all his Friends reveng'd on thee :
Will grind thy Bones, and break thy Master's
Head,
And thou that stol'st a World of Life, shalt ever
then be dead.

V.

Ah me! kind Spirit, that's march'd Above,
What will Death's Passion, Pow'r, and Con-
quest prove?

What will befall me, when these Corps shall lie
A Prostrate Victim to his Sovereignty?

Whither, O whither shall I flee,

When once his greedy Stroke is past?

To what strange Climate shall I haste?

And what then shall I be?

How shall I act? what shall I do?

What Wonders shall I see?

What Scenes and Worlds will then be open'd
to my View?

My View! with what Amazement press'd,
To see my self stript naked, and undress'd :
Stript of that Garb that I should always wear,

Had not Transgression entred there ;

The native Garb, which the Creator's Mind
As half of Compound-self design'd.

What

What Start will shake me at Surprise,
 To see an Uncompounded self arise:
 To see what 'tis will then leap out alive,
 A Novel self that must my self survive.
 This indivisible, extended Point,
 That scatters Life thro' ev'ry Joint:
 That while it sits, and reigns on high,
 To lowest Office condescends,
 From Head to Foot, from Hand to Eye,
 Quick Errands and Dispatches sends:
 That guides at once the Head and Heart,
 Being All in All, and All in ev'ry Part.
 The intellectual, vital Flame,
 That cold and dormant lies,
 Is thoughtless struck, and dies
 By the untun'd Contexture of th' unthinking
 Frame.
 Essential Thought! that can pure Light com-
 mence,
 Can clear Ideas join,
 Divide, review, refine,
 Run Round Imagination's Line,
 Lock'd up Close Prisoner by the Ministers of
 Sense!
 Kind Immaterial Form, that quick Receives
 Material Laws our Mechanism Gives!
 Dependent Life, that Independent lives!
Proteus! That varies to all Shapes at Will,
 Assumes all Figures, that submit
 To Test of Mathematick Wit,

Strange

Yet incorporeal stands, and shapeless still;
Strange Wanderer, that loves to roam
Thro' Earth, and Seas, and Stars, yet stays at
home.

Celestial Spark, that Band and Cement flies,
Yet bound by Fumes, and slavish Sympathies:
That shou'd by Int'rest, and by Nature move
Tow'rs th' unconfin'd, congenerous Realms
above;

Yet fondly, 'midst its num'rous Cracks, and
Storms,
Still craves the crazy Cabin it informs;
Substantial Mystery, that knows
Exotic Beings well;
But what it is, how acts and does,
Is to itself all unconceivable.

VI.

But now arriv'd at foreign Land,
How mute and hov'ring shall I stand,
Struck thro' with various Fright;
Not knowing what to do,
Nor whither I'm to go,
Nor how to spring an unembodied Flight.
Won't ev'n a smart Resentment rise,
At those, whose decent Art
Performs the last obliging Part,
In sealing up the Lips and Eyes?
Resentment; that unfriendly they
Wou'd studiously prevent my Stay,

Or my Essay'd Return into the Cooling Clay!
 Or will some Friendly Ghost be Near,
 By Sympathizing Kindness Brought,
 By late Experience taught,
 His following Brethren to Relieve and Cheer?
 What Foreign Garb will He Prepare
 To cloath a naked Stranger there;
 To Dress me for the World were I must dwell,
 Or carve thick Night and Darknes palpable?
 A sultry, smoaking Vehicle,
 The gloomy Robes of Death and Hell!
 Robes ever unconsum'd, that are
 The Badges of Confusion and Despair!
 Or, by Divine Commission Frame
 Æthereal Vesture for a Ghost,
 Strait bound for the Celestial Coast,
 Cut out of Orient Azure fring'd with Lambent
 Flame?
 The Temporary Garb, that only may
 A while supply and indicate
 The Office of the sublimated Clay,
 When rais'd to Glory and immortal State!
 Or, rather will some Cherub stand,
 By special Office charg'd at Hand,
 (Long skill'd in this deep Exercise,)
 To learn me immaterial Mysteries?
 Will he with charming Message said
 Dismiss my Fears, and make me glad?
 Will he come teach an unfledg'd Soul to fly,
 To see, without the Optics of an Eye?
Teach

Teach to distinguish Sounds, and hear
Without the Grave Formality of an Ear?
Teach me to speak the Troubles of a Mind,
That's forc'd to leave his Tongue, and Head,
and Heart behind?

Will he come guide, and guard my Way,
(That can't but it exactly know
By often Trav'ling to and fro)
To the exalted Realms of Everlasting Day?

VII.

Come then, let's mount and fly
On winged Wills to the rich Worlds on High.
Oh me! my Guide! what Wonder's here
In all our Road successively appear?
What Natures now, what Shapes these Atoms
wear,

That Form this Fluid, this elastic Air!

Atoms too fine for mortal sight,
But large and gross to immaterial Light!
See, with what Rage they from each other
Rove,

Renouncing still the Law of mutual Love!

See, in what whirling Streams they flow!
What diff'rent Streams embrace them, as they
go!

Look there, how swell'd voluminous Vapour
flies

From raging Seas into the calmer Skies!

What flaming Floods discharged there
 From loud Volcano's finge the Atmosphere,
 From hidden Mines and Treasures up they
 come,

From each or friendly or infectious Womb!
 Look how cloy'd Planets yonder vomit forth
 Their heterogeneous Humours t'wards the
 Earth.

What Rendezvouz is here? no Wonder hence
 Strange airy Laws, quick Life or Death com-
 mence!

See, how they marshal! How their Forces
 join;

How greet and fight, how seperate and com-
 bine!

Alas! Poor Native Globe, whose various Fate
 Hangs on the Turns of this embroyled State!
 Welcome, ah! Welcome, blest informing
 Light,

That Cures my old Mistakes, and Scouts,
 My num'rous Philosophic Doubts,
 And chases all my Scepticism-quite!
 Now are first Seeds and Principles disclos'd,
 Essential Forms and Textures all expos'd.
 Immortal Seeds, that intermingled lie
 The Ground of unaccountable Variety;
 Textures by which brisk Flames do upward
 Ride,

And those by which pellucid Waters Glide;

Without

Without tyr'd Study now, the Central Charms
appear,

Which Bodies restless make, till they come
there.

Now the mysterious Love at last, I trace
That binds and Acts the vast Corporeal Whole,
That plays the universal Soul,
Assigning all their Order, and their Place.

No Wonder, Souls breathe Union and Agree,
Made up of Love and Harmony!

No Wonder, sacred Spirits (whose glorious
Head

Has upon them attractive Unction shed)
Are by a stronger Gravitation join'd,
Whose Love and Harmony is all resign'd,
This whole World's Law, and Life appears to
be

Nought else but Love and Harmony;
Ev'n Matter's Self is urg'd with Am'rous Suit,
Inclin'd in all its Parts to Mutual Salute;
Mysterious Love, whose binding Power con-
strains

The slipp'ry'st Faces with the closest Chains:
That teaches bleeding Steel to Wound by
stealth,

Or greeting fend, and sympathetic Health;
Inspires dead Fibres, in th' harmonious Tone,
At once to warble, and dance Unison;

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Magnetic Virtues and their puzzling Cause
 Which unmechanic seem'd and sprung from
 Laws,
 Of some strange forreign System, now I find,
 No Riddles are to Love, and to a naked Mind.
 I see, why the touch'd Needle still scents
 about,
 Till it has found its Darling Quarter out;
 And why, unconstant grown, it sometimes
 takes
 New-sprung Amours, and its dear *North* for-
 sakes;
 Why flow'ring Vines tho' fix'd in distant Soil
 Prompt Wines in *England* to Ferment and
 Boil;
 How blooming Trees (as 'twere, for future
 Birth)
 Unstain'd dy'd Cloaths, and call their Atoms forth;
 Why dark'ned Seas pretend to scatter Light,
 As if they truly Lodg'd the Sun by Night;
 I see, (Philosophy I long'd to know,
 But was too Deep for poreing Minds below)
 Why list'ning Seas so daily watch the Shore,
 Crowd up the Roads, down which they ran
 before,
 As if they yet rememb'ed old Command,
 Or crav'd new Leave to drown the guilty Land;
 Heav'n's Shops and Magazines unlock'd I view,
 What cool Alembic drops the Rain and Dew;

What

What Larth so turns, what Art japans the
Bow,
What Looms prepare and weave the fleecy
Snow;
In what tight Mills the icy Balls are Ground,
Why small or larger made, why White and
Round;
How the Sun's Banner stormy Fight prepares,
And Summons airy Troops to blust'ring Wars;
What wild Ingredients are together cramm'd,
And into cloudy Cannons closely ramm'd,
At whose Dread roar fierce Balls and Fires are
hurl'd,
Omens of that, that must calcine the World;
From what low Birth proud Meteors climb the
Air,
What combs and kindles their presaging Hair;
How cou'd I feast the Students now below,
(Might I for their Relief and Ease
Descend a *θεός ἀπὸ μηχανῆς*)
Solve their distracting Problems quick and show
Rules of Reflected and Refracted Light,
How all the Tribes of sep'rate Colours Grow,
And all combin'd beget the single White?
Learn'd Death, that in one Hour instructs me
more
Than all my Years on Earth before!
Than all my Academic Aids cou'd do,
Than Chronicles, Books and Contemplations
too!

Death! That exalts me strait to high'st Degree!
Commenc'd a more than *Newton* in Abstruse
Philosophy.

VIII.

How fast we mount, my Guide, my Eye
Can scarce pursue the Orbs run whirling by!
Being now arriv'd at *Saturn's* Sphere,
Let's stand a while, and take a Prospect there.
These Worlds cou'd ne'er be made, nor furnished
Dull Mortals only to amaze,
To call them out to Peep and Gaze,
They're nobler Entertainment for the Dead!
Great God! what Pow'r and Skill combine
To manage this mysterious Frame,
Thy Glories in each Portion shine,
'Tis big with thine Almighty Name!
Ah! Happy Prospect, that infallibly confutes
Old Prejudice, and ends Theoretical Disputes!
Now, now, to Sight, the Controversy's done,
Whether our little Globe maintain
The Centre of this whirling main,
Or whisks its yearly Journey round the Sun?
The little Globe, how wisely plac'd
In Day and Night alternate there,
In changing Seasons of the Year,
For cherishing the Lives with which 'tis proud-
ly grac'd!
How honourably serv'd and waited on
By a beneficent revolving Moon,

A dark

A dark Distributer of Light,
That kindly shortens and adorns the Night?
Patron of Man's Tranquillity and Ease!
Ordain'd Disturber of Pacific Seas!
What wild *Meanders* does the Wand'rer trace;
Inconstant to her Orb, her Light and Pace?
How oft does the Old Chang'ling Love t'assume
In spite of Age, New Life and Youthful Bloom,
How oft with varied Face affect to ride
Along the admiring Heav'ns, and to show
A Picture of Unconstancy and Pride?
Ah! Fatal, fatal Governess below!
But let me gaze on, and admire
That boiling Ocean of unfuel'd Fire,
The Soul of all the Planetary Quire!
Time's Parent, and Time's Offspring too,
Recorder of the Years, and Breath we Drew!
Vicarious God! on whose Imperial State
A Train of Worlds for Life and Motion wait!
Obliging Power! thus daily to renew
Thy Largeesses, to these thy Clients bound!
Thus solemnly to turn thy self around,
And take them all within thy friendly View!
Rich Painter! That can thus caress the Eye,
Bestows on ev'ry Face its different Dy,
And hangs the Globe in all its gaudy Tapestry.
Why did blind Nations style thee God of Love?
Was it because thou dost so lovely prove,
Each Body does thy kind approaches Woe?

And yet each Body's shy,
 And like thy story'd *Daphne* coy,
 And still declines thy close Embraces too :
 Heaven's Secretary thou, to whom we owe
 The opening all the wond'rous Scenes below !
 Grand Minister of mortal Sense and Sight,
 That strikes us blind with high Excess of
 Light !
 Prodigious Source of Life, that e'er since Time
 begun
 Has wasting still and undiminis'd run !
 That far and wide does genial Streams dispense,
 Bright Emblem of his own Creator's Influence !
 Swift Streams, that almost leave the Thought
 behind,
 Almost out-fly the Sallies of the Mind !
 Sagacious They, that thus unerring tend
 The shortest way to their Designed End !
 Sure to come there, when nothing can Repress
 Their hasty Flight, but unresisting Emptiness !
 Go Doating, fond Philosophy,
 With all thy Catachrestic Names !
 Call yonder Planet *Mercury*,
 Whom such intensive Heat
 Will not evaporate,
 Calcine, nor sublimate ;
 That so undaunted runs amidst the Chymic
 Flames ?
 But lo ! with what Majestic Grace

Sweet

Sweet *Venus* follows, and maintains
 Thro' all her Changes and her Wanes
 A still unclouded lovely Face!
 Such constant Beauty, tho' it lie
 (As mortal Beauties us'd to be)
 Intangled with Unconstancy,
 Can't chuse but Charm each Astronomic Eye
 Her nimble-footed Harbinger,
 Tho' plac'd amidst the Streams;
 Of beautifying Beams,
 Is more illustrious made by her.
 Now stoop, weak Reason, nor pretend
 To scan wise Nature's Rules, or End!
 Ah! who'd expect to find
 That smaller Orb displac'd so far behind?
 So little he, so distant set
 From the great Spring of Light and Heat,
 He needs must wear a darker Robe,
 Than that, that Cloaths my native Globe;
 So frigid too, how can he bear
 The name of the Old Pagan God of War?
 But here advance to nearer Sight
 Loud Heralds of Eternal Might;
 See, how *Plebeian* Planets fly,
 Possess'd with trembling Fear,
 They hide and disappear,
 As *Mighty Jove* drives his brisk Stages by!)
 Vast *Jove*, whose Grandure will disdain
 Of solar Distance to complain,

When he himself can such high State display
 In his resplendent Train,
 That guards his Motions and makes bright his
 Way !

Yet great as he pretends to be,
 The Royal Master of this Sphere,
 Tho' Size and Bulk he'll not compare,
 (In pond'rous Bulk and Size
 No great Perfection lies)

Boasts a more pompous Train than he.
 See what a tedious Path he's fain to trace,
 How far from *Jove's*, to give his large Retinue
 Space ?

But, Oh ! what curious Piece did Art divine,
 And well taught Nature here design ?
 Does in this Orb a sacred Covenant grow
 Decypher'd by this 'horizontal Bow ?

How richly's this grave Wand'rer drest
 With an Illustrious Ring above the Rest ?
 Around it rolls, makes all its Parts appear,
 Yet lies obscur'd in Light, for half the Year ;
 What diff'rent Office it at once can play,
 Both make the Night and make the Day !
 It's circling Pace can Life retrieve,
 And make the dying Fluids live ;
 See, how its various *Phases*, Use and End.
 At once delight the wondring Natives and be-
 friend ?

Lay Mortals, lay your learned Glasses by,
 Too feeble, too short-sighted to descry

All these Attendants of his State,
That thus about him run
Supply and Slight the distant Sun,
And rich Philosophy and charming Views
create !

Now, now adieu ye pleasing Store
Of Dreams and Fancies I indulg'd before !
I see what Natives these toss'd Islands bare,
Natives, as diff'rent as their Climates are !
Their Studies, Pleasures and Employs I see,
How much more happy and more pure than
we ;

More heavenly they, more fit and glad to raise
By Love and Service the Creator's Praise.
Ah me ! what diff'rent Balls take yonder flight,
Vast fiery Balls, clad o'er with thickned Night :
How regular, how swift, how far they run,
From us, thro' all the Orbs, around the scorch-
ing Sun !

Ah ! wretched Wights, that there in Durance
dwell,

Confin'd to those sulphureous Rooms of Hell !
Erratic Dungeons, destin'd to present
Heaven's Justice flaming there
Upon the Prisoners of Despair,
Before the several Worlds, redeem'd and inno-
cent,
To warn the one to Praise, the other to Repent !
Well may astonish'd Mortals gaze
At the ominous Flames, with which they blaze,

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No wonder they prognosticate
 The Evils, they themselves create!
 Ah! now the Laws by which they cut the Air,
 Their threatning Tails, and long inflamed
 Hair,
 How they are chain'd in their *Elliptic* Race.
 Nor gallop out into the Fields of Neighb'ring
 Space.
 Their Causes, Ends, and dire Effects below,
 To awfull Satisfaction are apparent now!
 Great God, what Pow'r, and Prudence to
 the full
 Are scatter'd thro' the expanded Whole!
 Stupendous Bulk and Symmetry,
 Cross Motion and clear Harmony,
 Close Union and Antipathy,
 Projectile Force and Gravity,
 In such well pois'd Proportions Fall,
 As strike this Artful, Mathematic Dance of
 All.
 Come hither, all the Atheistic Tribe,
 Who this wise Scene to Senseless Cause as-
 scribe,
 Come hither, as e're long you must, and see
 The radiant Demonstrations of the Deity!
 But justly may you dread to find,
 When Flesh's Veil shall be withdrawn,
 When long Eternity shall dawn,
 The Existence of the Almighty and All-Holy
 Mind;

O what

O what Confusion and what Fears
Will tear your Souls, when Deity appears?

O Study these Convictive Views
That may prevent your Endless Tears?

O now bethink ye of the Burning News
Ghost *Sydenham* thund' red in his Chrony's Ears,
News, that create the Joys where Angels Dwell,
That feed the deathless Worm and rapid Flames
of Hell!

The Eternal News; which might but I the same
So needful now, with Heaven's just Leave Pro-
claim,

Shou'd soon fill all the open'd Mouths of Fame!

Or with which rather, cloath'd in Noise
More loud than Thunder, or than *Sinai's* Voice,

I'd preach from hence and quickly make
The Globe and all it's Unbelievers Quake,
Yea, the Whole Planetary System Shake!

I'd Storm those bolted Ears, and quickly
Drown

The Noise and Hurry of each Ravenous Town,
The loud, pathetic Accents I'd Pronounce,
Shou'd stop the Tide of Business all at once,

Dear Gain and Mirth shou'd soon abandon'd be
To give grave Audience to my News and me.

I'd make the proud Aspirer crouch, and court
The Face and Favour he has made his Sport;

I'd make the Accursed Miser throw with Shame
His Idol to the Cayes from whence it came;

I'd soon Confute the *Epicure*, and fright
 Th' impatient Wanton from his lewd Delight;
 I'd cure the Fop of his distracted Fits,
 And make the Brain-sick Beau to find his Wits;
 And make the *Sceptic* and the *Hobbian* Schools
 Recant their *Maxims*, and confound their Rules;
 The Lofty't Monarchs (whose sublimer Birth
 Makes them Ador'd, and look like Gods on
 Farth)
 Shou'd soon the Force of Heav'nly Grandure
 feel,
 And Crowned Heads beneath his Footstool
 Kneel;
 No more in vain shou'd the weak Preacher
 Spread
 Perswasive Hands and Breath unto the Dead,
 I'd make Him put more Soul into his Breath,
 I'd make Them hear, and burst the Chains of
 Death;
 Conscience shou'd wake, and preach, and Con-
 scious Fears
 Shou'd roar more loud than Mortars in their
 Ears;
 Thro' every Clime the Rev'rend News shou'd
 Sound,
 Each Cave and Veil shou'd with the News Re-
 bound!
 And vocal Seas repeat and roll the News around!
 Ah! Foolish Thought! this Complicated
 Throng

Of

Of Works and Laws Divine,
Where such immense Perfections shine,
More loudly tells the News without a Tongue!
When this wide Plain was first pourtray'd,
The System's fixt Foundations laid,
The rich Materials brought, and in just Bal-
lance weigh'd
Well might pleas'd Seraphs shout, and all the
Throng
Of Morning-Stars strike up a Celebrating Song;
' O! O, the Treasures of Eternal Might!
' The Magazines of self-existent Love and
' Light'
' Tho' in our Realms still fresh Applauses
' Grow,
' Where immaterial Wonders always flow;
' Turn we aside, and stoop to see
' New Matter's maze, and multiform Variety!
' Matter, whose dusky Nature can surprize
' Our shining, intellectual Faculties;
' That puzzles them with undissolved Knot,
' 'Tis still Divisible, and yet 'tis not!
' Bless us! how Matter and its Motion can
' In all the Pomp of Intricacy reign!
' Huge Masses, nicest Subtleties,
' Weights, Numbers, Figures, and Degrees
' Of Union, Textures, Times, and Tone,
' And Measures, that transcend our own;
' Discordant Motions, swift and slow
' Yet uniform and constant too,
' Direct

' Direct, elliptic, circular,
 ' Vibrations too that interfere,
 ' Thousands of References far and near,
 ' How swiftly by the dextrous Skill
 ' Of potent Counsel, and omniscient Will,
 ' Are calculated all, and intermingled here?
 ' How well are Breath divine, and Dust com-
 ' priz'd?
 ' Two Worlds in six foot length epitomiz'd,
 ' And Contradictions harmoniz'd?
 ' But what Amazements will not meet,
 ' When Heav'n it self does in grand Council
 ' sit?
 ' Rise noble World, and find us true.
 ' In all appointed Ministry to you!
 ' Blest be the Pow'r, displays his Glories Thus!
 ' Rise Rival-World, and at the end
 ' Of destin'd, rolling Ages send
 ' A welcome Colony to our World and us.
 Ah! Dear, Deluded *Virtuosi*, who
 Are wistly groping in our World below,
 Now sink, oh sink your studious Pride,
 Spare idle Pains, and wisely cast aside
 Your Learn'd, *Utopean* Theories,
 Well manag'd, blind Hypotheses
 Of Institutes Divine, ridiculously Wide.
 What can waste *Vacuum* and Atoms do?
 Or Plenitude and Motion too?
 (But, O what empty Heads are those
 That Plenitude with Motion wou'd compose?)
 Or

Or jostling *Vortices*, unless they can
Demonstrate the *Vereigo* of a wanton Brain?
Or universal, gravitating Pace,
 (That comes so late, and goes so far
 To solve the Rules and *Odds* here,)
Tho' blended also with Projectile Race?
Here Powers and Laws are fixt and woven so
As are unreach'd undreamt of quite below:
 Alas! Alas! you'll ne'er survey
 All the contriv'd *Phænomena*,
Nor the Survey'd Resolve, till you
Shall take, like me, an Unembodied View!
Oh that I might rich Truths and Knowledge
 lend,
As once *Ficinus* to his studious Friend!
Here's Prospect well worth while, worth Pains
 to die,
And quit the lov'd, the dim Researches of
Mortality.

IX.

Mortality! methinks the Name
A kind of Passion still creates,
 Whilst sensibly it intimates
The rueful Ills and World from whence I came?
Tho' raptur'd with this numerous Dance,
With Globes and Balls methodically whirl'd,
A secret Instinct makes me love to Glance
 T'wards my endear'd, forsaken World.

Ah

Ah me ! was yonder despicable Clod
 The Stage of my Life's Scenes, and my Abode ?
 Was't there, that I a thinking Essence grew ?
 There vital ~~and~~ and vital Æther drew ?
 Was That ~~the world~~ we did so late admire,
 That did our Senses Charm,
 Our fond *Affections* warm,
 And set the silly Microcosm all on Fire ?
 Was that our Source of Joy ! and cou'd we there
 Build tow'ring Hopes, as Castles in the Air ?
 Cou'd you black Patches seem the Sovereign
 good
 For which Proud Mortals spill whole Streams
 of Blood ?

Bless me ! how cou'd we idolize its Ore ?
 Its Pompous Gawds, and Fooleries adore ?
 How cou'd we for its Dross ev'n stoop to Kifs
 The insulting Dev'l ? How cou'd we (Fools)
 for this

Barter our deathless selves, our Innocence and
 Bliss ?

Ah ! fall'n confounded Globe thou ! where
 The Center's Sin, and Curse, the Atmosphere !
 Almighty Love's old Monument, that hath
 Hardly escap'd the Dint of Flaming Wrath !
 Once splendid Paradise ! once Belov'd Abode
 Of Happy Angels and their Happy God !
 Now Ruins of Majestic Pow'r, that may
 Just tell their Author and his Name betray ?

His

His Name in Ruin'd Fabrics stands compleat:
Demolish'd Temples speak their Founder Great,
Now no more Lustre Lives, or Rich Attire
Than must e're long pass thro' transforming
Fire?

See how the weary, trav'ling Axes groan
Beneath the pond'rous Curse, that's o'er 'em
Thrown?

Hence rise *Errata*, hence Disorder sits
To prove a Scandal to unthinking Wits;
Hell's Suburbs! where Impurites in Grain,
And loud Impieties Triumphant Reign,
Where lofty Lusts claim Scepters for their own,
And Scarlet Villanies ascend the Throne;
Den of Enrag'd Unrighteous, and their Tools!
Cage of conceited and distracted Fools!
Where Hell's proud Prince with Pleasure walks
each Day,

Large Empire boasts, and arbitrary Sway;
Where Headstrong Griefs intruding Joys con-
troul,
Pierce the soft Heart, and Wound th' impri-
son'd Soul;

Where Pleasures poyson, and torment the Mind,
Arm'd with Resistless Stings they leave behind;
Where bright and social Virtues soon are
found

Choak'd by the baleful Mists that there abound;
Where Friendship, the dear Antidote of Strife,
The sweet Beguiler of the Ills of Life,

Friend-

Friendship, by Name, is courted and caress'd,
 But Banish'd far from each pretending Breast;
 In her due Room a Nest of Vermin lies,
 And selfish, sordid Furies tyrannize.
 Where conjugal Accord, the first and best
 Of Friendships entertain'd by humane Breast,
 The Sacred Tye, wise Heav'n did first ordain
 The Help and (next it self) the Heav'n of
 Man,

Is soon imbitter'd with severe Allays,
 Transform'd to Bane, and Canker of his Days,
 Where Vices and Confusions native grow,
 Religion's foreign, and is treated so ;
 No sooner condescends th' Æthereal Dame
 To visit some dark Town with vital Flame,
 But straitway all around contrive
 To hoot the heav'nly Guest and drive
 Her home unto the Land, from whence she
 came.

The pious Few us'd, as unworthy they
 The World, that's so unworthy of their
 Stay ;
 Heav'n's Candidates go cloath'd with foul Dis-
 guise,
 And Heav'n's Reports are damn'd for senseless
 Lies.

Tremendous Mysteries are (so Hell pervails)
 Lampoon'd for Jargon and fantastic Tails ;

Heav'n's

Heav'n's Heralds, sent to heal and bless the
Mind,

To summon Man from Darkneſs and from
Toys,

To ſtarry Crowns and to ſeraphic Joys,
Are treated as the Refuge of Mankind ;
Where the great Son of the Eternal God,
Who ſways the Worlds with Unreſiſted Nod,
While in our form Salvation he atchieves,
Was baſely ſlain, and hang'd with inſidious
Thieves

(Well might the Sun wink and put out his
Light,

Nor dare to ſee ſo bold, blaſphemous Sight !)
From Heav'n he came to purchaſe and eſpouſe,
To light dark Souls unto his Father's Houſe ;
Lo, the Returns ! Lo there, the grateful Fruit
His Love and Laws lie trampled under Foot !
Th' Eternal Spirit of Peace and peaceful Might,
That kindly comes in crowned *Shiloh's* Right,
Comes to convey the Bleſſings he hath bought,
To bring us the Redemption he hath wrought,
Is vex'd and griev'd, and ſpitefully traduc'd,
His Love and Works affronted and abus'd ;
Ah, how the ſtubborn Miſcreants combine
To baffle boundleſs Grace, and Blood Divine !
Is that the World we cou'd ſo ill foregoe ?

The Element of Death, Apoſtacy and Woe !

Bleſs me ! what helliſh Spell controuls

The native Pow'rs of Heav'n-born Souls !

What

What fatal Potion charms them to forget
 Their Make, their Father, and their Father's
 Seat ?

A Curse on all our Wit and Sense of late
 That knows and seeks no better World than
 that !

Ah me, how much more pure and fine,
 How much more Noble and Divine
 Is one poor naked Soul than all
 The bulky Mass of that capacious Ball!
 Sweet Vision (sweet, amidst these Scenes of
 Woe!)

Thus clearly, thus compendiously to show
 The sev'ral Ranks of Souls that ply below !
 What igneous Seeds involv'd in fibrous Earth,
 Give the vast vegetable Kingdom Birth;
 How they distinguish Food for vital Use,
 Breathe, and drive round the circulating Juice ;
 How they digest, perspire, drink, and are
 By seasonable drinking fresh and fair ;
 Breed sem'nal Virtue, and from Teeming
 Root

Shed Infant-Blossoms. and Prolific Fruit.
 What more exalted Spirits inform and sway
 The Capillary Limbs of small'st *Automata* ;
 Instill Discretion there, and quite out-do
 The Feats of Matter and its Motion too ;
 What nobler Souls the nobler Machins wear,
 Masters of Sense, and skillful Instinct there ;

For

For their Life's Business, and Intentions fir,
 Springs of irrational Sagacity and Wit;
 What Virtue kindles their pneumatic Fire,
 And whether at deceale they silently Retire;
 Grand Sov'reignty; that thus was pleas'd to
 state
 Their Ends, and Toils, and Undeserved Fate!
 Too Good, too Guiltless to be treated thus.
 To be entrall'd, and Sacrific'd for us!
 What brighter Forms in humane Fabric Reign,
 Innoble and impeach degenerate Man;
 Outfly weak Sense no Metaphysic Wings,
 Yet ty'd to Muscles and mechanic Strings,
 Destin'd to Light, and to Diviner Gust,
 Wedded to Clay, and prostitute to Lust,
 Remote from Matter, and exempt from
 Death.
 Immediate Progeny of Almighty Breath!
 In close Ascents the Rising Orders grow,
 Holding Communion still with those below;
 From meanest *Microscopic* Species there,
 Of Nature's Armies the remotest Rear,
 Up to the Frontier Squadrons of the Skies,
 Does gradual Kindred, and Connexion rise;
 Thus Wisdom thro' whole Nature's Orb is
 seen,
 Leaving no wide uncomely *Chasm* between;
 'Tis Sin, alas! has all the Mischief Done,
 Broke the Creation's Harmony, and thrown

ball

M

Beneath

Beneath the basest Brutes, our Princely Race
 Down to deep Hell, and to lost Angels Place;
 How cou'd I weep (had I my Eyes again)
 The desp'rate Case enchanted Souls are in,
 Immers'd in Earth and Flesh, in Filth and
 Sin!

Is that the World so courted, and so sought?
 For which the unseen Worlds have thro' all
 Ages fought?

Bless me! my Guide, what wounding Sight is
 here!

See, how the spacious Regions of the Air
 Throng'd with thick Shoals of diff'rent Spi-
 rits appear!

See now the sev'ral Ranks, that fell
 From Innocence and Joys unspeakable!
 Look! some of Course Alloy, ignoble Birth,
 Delight in Dens and Caverns of the Earth;
 Others, on other Purposes intent,
 The Atmosphere's incircling Climes frequent;
 Others, in whom a loftyer Genius reigns,
 Are Dwellers of the vast Æthereal Plains,
 Malignant all! and studious (as they can)
 To avenge their Ruin upon envied Man!
 Poor Mortals, drown'd in Lethargy and Vice!
 Bewitch'd with Wit, with Apishness and Noise!
 To whom this View is all Romantic Theme,
 Being nobly born to Laugh, and Drink, and
 Dream!

Blind

Blind to the World of unincarnate Hosts!—
The Spoils the Foot-Balls of contending
Ghosts!
Dream on, mad World! thy frantic Dreams
attend!
Time flies apace to its appointed end!
Great *Michael* now prepares to take
His Fatal Trump to sound,
Almighty Trump, that soon will make
Earth's Rooms, and Heav'n's high Roof to
shake,
Death's Adamantine Courts to quake,
The Quick and Dead (less deaf o'th' two) to
wake,
Will call past Time (unthought-of Riddle!)
back,
And (since thy Age shall such, at least, be found)
Will in a Moment rise six thousand Years from
under Ground!
The Patient Judge just ready is to rise
From off his Throne, and to repair
To his Tribunal in the Air,
To hold thy universal, thy severe Affize;
Venture, still venture his revengeful Ire,
The raging Billows of his furious Fire!
See then, what Pow'r thy proud Presumption
hath
To save thee from the injur'd Saviour's Wrath!

Oh me! How roaring Fiends, loos'd from their
 Cell, to all d-
 Run gath'ring round the Globe, Supplies for
 Hell!
 See how they scatter Darknefs and Distrust,
 Sow up and down their Tares,
 Like Fire-balls, hurl strong Scandals, Baits
 and Snares,
 With pregnant Seeds of each enraged Lust!
 Look yonder Dev'l does 'midst gull'd Crowds
 Record
 Dark Oracles, and craves to be ador'd!
 Look, with what Zeal that Busy One creates
 Capricious Fewds and Jealousies in States!
 How archly that does grim Complexion paint
 With holy Varnish, and bely's the Saint!
 How t'other, near a murder'd Carcass hid,
 Walks ghastly, and bemoans th' untimely Dead!
 Ah! now each unbeliev'd, mysterious Rite
 Of stalking *Spectrums* is expos'd to Light;
 Of what loose Mafs they form their plyant Dress,
 How change their Mien and Visage as they
 please;
 What Errands force them to appear Be-
 low,
 What ghostly Laws are giv'n them, when they
 go,
 How they, untouch'd by lying Shapes, impose,
 Dance in their Chains, and revel in their Woes;
 How

How they are struck, and strike our Organs
there,

Throw off their Garb and sink to Night and
Air.

Oh, dreadful! See, how fiery *Demons* fly
Thick o'er our Heads along th' affrighted Sky,
Dragging pale Ghosts, all howling from afar,
Rent at the Views of the decisive Bar! —
But see, how Heav'n's bright Posts skip to and
fro!

Some, Sacred Gifts convey,

Some, brandish'd Swords of Wrath Display,
And pour deep Vials out full-charg'd with
Woe,

O me! How tamely some walk up and down,
Attending Exiles, forc'd to Lands unknown,
Look, some to Prison haste, resolv'd to be
With Fellow-Servants there, or bound or free:

Others with wond'rous Diligence survey,
Guard Little-ones in Cradles, and at Play,
Charg'd still to watch their growing Years,
Discuss their Dangers and their Fears,

Till by adult Offences griev'd away;
Strange! yonder's one, 'midst threatening Waves
and Air,

A Vessel holds, Oblig'd by potent Pray'r,
Some with Concern at Sacred Temples wait,
(The Porch of Heav'n is beauteous *Sion's Gate*)

246 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

With more Concern, than ransom'd Flocks that
there

In fair, pretending Companies appear;
Wait, as if they with utmost Pleasures came,
To hear the Sounds of the Redeemer's Name;
Pleas'd to behold (without our glimm'ring
Glas!)

The Executions of eternal Grace;
Admiring Skill divine, and prosp'rous Aid
In rearing an immortal Church, Display'd,
Expecting there, and Overjoy'd to see
New Partners joyn'd to their Society;
Thus does our Peace their pure Affections move,
Blest Copies of eternal Light and Love;
Oh! with what Speed and Joy you Seraphs
come

Conducting their respective Charges home? —
Bless'd God! cou'd Earth's vile Globes, exal-
ted be

To ring o'er Heav'n, thus rais'd in thy Decree,
Rais'd above all the Numerous Globes that
lie

Within thy Hand, beneath thy piercing Eye?
Has that vile Spot, thro' running Time, en-
gross'd

Divine Compassion, Wisdom, Thought,
Both fairly conquer'd and dear bought,
The World immensely blest, by being Lost?

What

What Royal Grace pursues our sinful Soil,
With Hell's strong Prince divides the captive
Spoil ?

Worthy in Endless Praise and Songs to Sound,
Does 'midst our Guilt thus triumph and a-
bound,
Rescues, exalts a chosen Part as high,
As others low in deep Destruction lie ;
Thus the poor Globe must cast its primitive
Right,

Bespoil'd and drain'd of all its Natives quite,
Entirely shar'd 'twixt Hell, and Realms of
Light.

No wonder, Sacred Oracles Declare
It must fly thence, and quit its ancient Sphere ;
Be thrown aside, as stain'd with Sin's Disgrace,
Or else resign'd for a more righteous Race.
Bless me! wou'd Heav'n's high Heir, th' Eter-
nal Son

Redeem his Rebels, Purchase the Undone ?
Wou'd he put on their Flesh, and sojourn there ?
Tread curst Soil and breathe polluted Air ?
Wou'd he there die, resolv'd in boundless Love
To show how he cou'd crim'nal Dust improve ?
Cou'd Wash Black Souls with sacred Blood of's
own,

And lead an earthly Spouse t'his Father, and
his Throne ?

Bless me ! must yonder grov'ling, Pigmy-wights
Surmount the Lords of these superiour Lights ?

248 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Must they the Court and Presence-chamber fill,
With stately'st Courtiers vye in Lustre and in
Skill;

Sing Angels, sing! and let new Harps be strung,
To eccho Confort to a new-made Song!
Sing you, that see bright Love's mysterious
Face!

Love, that involv'd them in Designs of Grace;
That see the Grace, that all their Sins Out-
reach'd,

That see the Hell, from whence they're sav'd
and fetch'd,

(Sav'd, while, alas your doleful Brethren are
Plung'd in Vindictive Flames and in Despair.)

That see his Grandure, whose rich Blood was
spilt

To wash their Souls, and Blot their crimson
Guilt;

That see the Pow'r, that will their Lives re-
treive;

That see the Glories they can scarce believe;

That see (withal) their vile, ungrateful Mind;

That feel the Joys for which they are design'd;

That from the Throne drink Beams and Plea-
sures new;

That know what 'tis to join, and equal you;

You that see this, these Themes that must
employ

The countless Ages of Eternity.

Who

Who at these Views are ravish'd with Delight,
Whose singing Pow'rs are equal to your light,
O sing for them (if you have Songs to spare,
Songs, that undue for your own Glories are;)
Ye Cherubs first the rapt'rous Song begin,
And load the Burden of your Song
With Hallelujah's loud and long;
Then Seraphs in your Time and Place fall in;
Fall in and catch the rising Sound;
At its remote rebound
Warble, protract and be
The Chorus in the applauding Company;
And mount the Musick high'r, and then
Ye tall Arch-Angels seal the Song with your
Amen.
Thus live and sing! and as you sing, fall
down,
Paying all Homage to the Eternal Crown;
Sing and adore; and by the Songs you raise
Atone for their unpardonable want of Praise,

X.
But while I greedily survey
The little Globe, where I my Being gain'd,
Methinks, I'm seiz'd upon the Way,
And forcibly detain'd
By yonder Grave Procession that's begun;
Look there, with what Solemnity,
And mournful Decency,
That Funeral Pomp advances slowly on!

250 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

Alas! alas! I see
 By something of the Company,
 But more by Sympathetic Qualm I find,
 There go the Reliques, that I left behind!
 There they are marching to the silent Room,
 That truly long ago
 Was due to them, and destin'd so
 By Guilty Nature and Inexorable Doom;
 Thanks, pious Friends, so loving and so good,
 Who this last Office pay,
 Who thus Respectfully Convey
 The useless Cargo to an undisturb'd Abode.
 Kind Ministers of Law severe and just,
 That thus remands our Dust to Dust!
 May you long live and supersede
 Such fatal Services, nor need
 Such gloomy Tenement, but when ye do,
 May the same Favour, Friends, be paid to you?
 Alas! What Diff'rence now appears to be
 Betwixt immortal Me,
 And, poor bereaved Carcass, Thee?
 How vital, sprightly, and preceptive I?
 Offspring of Heav'n, and Rival of the Sky!
 Fill'd with Amazement and Delight anew,
 On this surprizing, intellectual View!
 Awak'd to act, and see, and feel much more
 Than all the imprison'd Powers cou'd before;
 Fled from the Cranies of embarrass'd Sense,
 I'm grown all Eye, and Ear, and all Intelli-
 gence.

Mean

Mean while, how squalid and how dismal thou,
Of Dust compos'd, to Dust returning now!
Dismal, as is Death's melancholy Shade!
And squalid, as the Place where thou art laid!
No dawning Sun can cheer thee with his Light;
No Moon or Stars peep in by Night;
Late a well-guarded Fort wast thou,
Abandon'd and defenceless now!
The double Guards appointed to oppose
The Insults of approaching Foes,
Have all their Trusts and Offices deny'd,
Fall'n cold and moveless by thy side;
Can drive no tim'rous Mole or Worm from
thence,
To Wooden Walls oblig'd ev'n for their own
Defence:
The Pillars of thy Fabric now no more
Support the Weight, that once they bore;
Down they are fall'n, and sunk beneath the
Ground,
With Earth and their own Ruins cover'd round;
The whole Retinue that attended thee
Must henceforth pine and starve, and famish'd
be;
The Mill is done, and Service, there
The Grinders can prepare no Cheer;
The Watchmen, for their Function seated high,
Ordain'd the ambient Region to destroy
Look out no more, nor mind the Foe,
Ner give their *Items* to the Guards below;

252 *Divine HYMNS and POEMS.*

The Doors are barr'd, and silent ev'ry Room,
No grateful Visitants can go or come;

The Ministers of Harmony
Distun'd and speechless lie!

All stopt the Organs! and all broke the Keys;
More lifeless than the Strings that late did
please!

Delights are gone, and Tempting Objects fled,
And all thy Inclinations too are dead;

Little, ah! little didst thou consider sure,

When Youth and Blood was warm,
What Dire Catastrophe thou must endure,
Unstirr'd by wonted Springs, and deaf to every
Charm?

Alas! the Silver Cord, that ty'd

The joynted Beam and Rafter close,
That Strength and Tone around the Walls
supply'd,

Untwisted lies, and all its Branches loose;

The Golden and Capacious Bowl,

The House and Lab'ratory of the Soul,

With all its vital Furniture's destroy'd,

No Forge, or Flames remains,

No more it fashions, or contains,

The Subtle Utensils I manag'd and employ'd;

The Fountain, that in 'midst did play,

And thro' each Room cut out its lambent way,

Exhausted is of all its Store,

And loads the Pitcher with its Streams no
more;

The

The Wheel is broke, and each nutritious Juice
That did with Life abound,
And gather'd more by whirling round,
Now stagnates and corrupts for want of ancient Use;

The Curious Net-work and Mechanic Lace
Dissolve and melt apace;
Where's now the Embroid'ry of each Sumptuous Part?

Was this the Mirror of unbounded Art?
Strange, that the Maker shou'd his Work disdain,

Unravel't all, as if 'twere made in vain;
But see the Pow'r of Law and Wrath Divine!
In darksome Graves does Heav'n's bright Justice shine;

See how provoking Humane Race has been?
See there the Wages of Hereditary Sin!
But strange, that things so distant shou'd combine!

That Spirit and Clay shou'd in such Wedlock joyn!

Strange, that I shou'd so long, so gladly dwell
With such an uncouth Inmate, and unsuitable!
Strange, that I cou'd such noisome Presence bear,

And doat upon that sordid Lumber there!
But yet I must with due Resentment own
What once thou wast, and once hast done;
My loyal, my coeval Bride,

Espons'd

Espos'd at his Command,
 Bestow'd by his own Hand,
 Who the first Humane Pair in Nuptial Union
 ty'd!

Farewell, farewell my Dear;
 The constant Part'ner of my Hope and Fear,
 My Bosom-Friend, my old Relief,
 Whose Kindness wou'd be sure
 To seek my Wounds a Cure,
 And by a Sight or Tear strive to dissolve my
 Grief;

Farewell, my Prison, my Disease,
 What pining Seasons were
 My Treatment and my Fare,
 As long as thou wast made the Keeper of my
 Peace?

Go Tempter, go, as thou hast been
 A quick Extinguisher of Heav'nly Fires!
 A Source of black Enormity and Sin!
 Thou Cramp of Sacred Motions and Desires!

How brave and blest am I,
 Unfetter'd from thy Company,
 Thou Enemy of my Joys and me!
 But pardon that I thus
 Unconsciously accuse!

How much more cruel have I been to thee?
 'Twas cruel I, oblig'd thee to obey
 The wilful dictates of my guilty Sway!

I was

'Twas I, made all these Hls, and Death thy
 own,
 Condemn'd thee to the Jail, where thou art
 thrown;
 My Crimes debauch'd thy Dust, and forfeited
 The happy Restoration from the Dead,
 But 'tis resolv'd, dear Mate, that we
 Shan't always thus divorc'd be;
 We'll meet again, long, long to try
 What Vigour Absence adds to Joy;
 Be sure then, Grave, thou faithful prove!
 The dear *Depositum* observe,
 Tell ev'ry Sinew, Bone, and Nerve,
 They're all recorded in the Register above?
 As they dissolve, tell ev'ry Dust,
 For tho' thou call'st it thine,
 Thou must it all resign,
 'Tis but a while committed to thy Trust;
 When the awak'ning Trump shall sound,
 Thy vast Accounts shall be call'd in,
 Be canvass'd, that it may be seen
 What thy Arrears and Debts have been,
 To th' Overseer of all Consecrated Ground;
 Thy Mighty Landlord He! who still will have
 The Keys of Death and of the Grave!
 He'll watch those purchas'd Reliques there
 which we
 Lay down with Grief and leave with thee;
 Thy captiv'd Tenants all are His,
 His Prisoners, or his Heirs of Bliss;

The

The one he will demand to Doom,
 And kindly fetch the other home;
 He sees thy constant Rage, but meaneth so
 To inhance his Honour in thy Overthrow;
 He'll burst thy Bowels, and by Pow'r
 Force thee all that Food restore
 Which Thou, curst Canibal, didst endeavour;
 Sleep then dear Mate, in Peace, in Quiet dwell,
 Secure from all thy Cares,
 From me, and Poes, and Snares,
 Sleep on, till I return to call thee from thy Cell.

F I N I S

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